What Has Eagleton Done? *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—August 5 & 12, 1972, 50 cents

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Nixon's Contradictions—*The Editors*

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The answers to some questions frequently asked by our sponsors

If you are considering sponsoring a child through the Christian Children's Fund, certain questions may occur to you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only $12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or Project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. What type of projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. Is CCF independent or church operated? A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with missionaries of 41 denominations. No child is refused entrance to a Home because of creed or race.

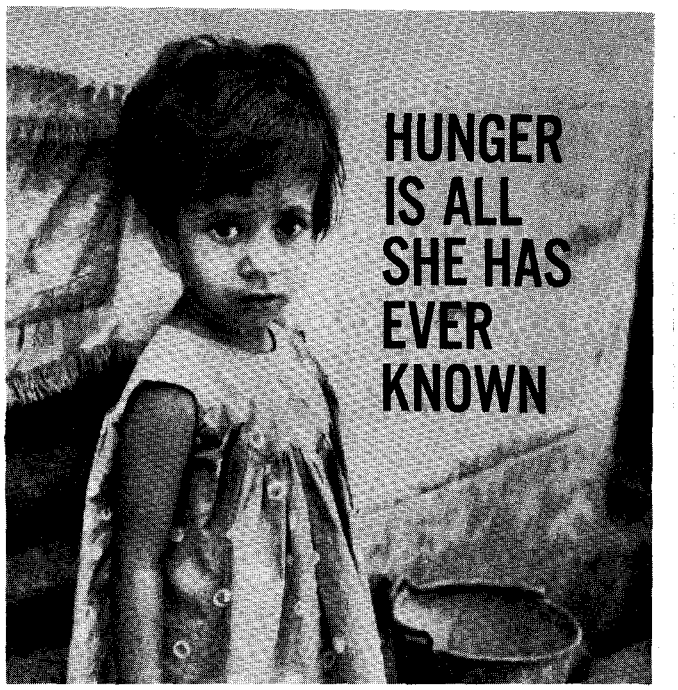
Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage in China. Today, over 100,000 children are being assisted in 55 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

Q. May I visit my child? A. Yes. Our Homes around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

Q. May groups sponsor a child? A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans? A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to u[illegible] f abandonment, broken homes, parents un[illegible] esponsibility, or serious illness of one o[illegible]

Q. How can I be sure that the m[illegible] s the child? A. CCF keeps close chec[illegible] ield offices, supervisors and casev[illegible] ts are inspected by our staff. Eac[illegible] it an annual audited statement.



Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

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But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, because she has a CCF sponsor now. And for only $12 a month you can also sponsor a child like Margaret and help provide food, clothing, shelter—and love.

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John Gardner asks:

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Voting is important — but it isn't enough. Very little will change after election day.

The candidates want to please you — of course. There's nothing they wouldn't promise to make you happy. NOTHING!

Stop the war? Of course!
Cut taxes? Immediately!
Increase Social Security payments? Right away!
Soak the rich? Naturally.

But you've heard it before. Every fourth year comes the Year of the Big Promises. And the promises are always just great. But it turns out they were made to be broken.

What can we do to turn promises into performance? What can you do? There's an answer. Not an easy one. Not glamorous. Not quick. But effective.

The biggest political surprise in recent years has been the emergence of citizen action as a significant force. Common Cause built a nationwide membership of 200,000 in its first year of life, and has been praised as the best organized, most professional movement of its kind in history.

Discover your power as a citizen and learn how to use that power. Common Cause, the national citizens' movement, will show you how.

— Common Cause was the chief citizen organization lobbying for the Constitutional Amendment to give 18-year-olds the right to vote.

— Common Cause worked successfully for a new law to control campaign spending.

— Common Cause is credited by members of Congress and the press with helping to produce the first real crack in the archaic, tyrannical seniority system in Congress.

— Common Cause helped to bring the House of Representatives to its first recorded vote on the Vietnam War, and continues to work to bring a legislated end to the war.

— Common Cause has played a major role in fighting for federal laws to protect the environment.

But we're just at the beginning. Today Common Cause is tackling the problems that no candidate is willing to tackle — the issues of money and secrecy that are corrupting public life in this country.

It is fighting for laws to control lobbying so that the citizens can know precisely what entrenched special interest is spending how many dollars for what purpose.

It is working for laws to prevent the kind of conflict of interest in which a public official has a personal financial stake in the legislation he is voting on.

It is working for laws to end government behind closed doors, to require that the public business be done publicly.

Until we get at these problems of money and secrecy, we won't achieve any of the social goals we all want. We're licked before we start.

It's time to give this nation back to its people. The "boys in the back room" have had their day. It's time to open the doors and let the fresh air and the people in.

As you have gathered by now, we don't just take positions. We enter into battle. And there are a lot of battles that need to be fought. For more jobs. For lower prices. For better housing. For peace. But I don't need to tell you about the problems. *You* breathe the dirty air. *You* see the breakdown in both the administration of justice and in law enforcement. *You* feel the economic squeeze. *Your* children attend crowded schools. *You* pay the cost of inflation.

If you are one of the millions of Americans today who feel a sense of powerlessness, frustration, and anger over what is happening in and to this country . . . then join us. We need you. You need Common Cause.

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TRB

from Washington
August 5, 1972

Term Two

Suppose it's Inaugural Day and President Nixon is starting his second term. What is in prospect for him, for the nation, and for the world?

The Inaugural Address will be modest but eloquent. The lift of a driving dream will get a second burst. He will appeal for patriotic unity. Vice President Agnew, newly sworn, will be standing right behind Mr. Nixon, looking meek. When Mr. Nixon picked him to run again it was obvious the President had decided McGovern was a pushover and he didn't have to conciliate anybody. So now the struggle is won, the floats in the triumphal GOP inaugural parade are ready and the XXII Amendment forbids Mr. Nixon to run again. What will he do?

First the economy. As a middle-road conservative, trying to forge a lasting coalition of the right (as Eisenhower failed to do), he must act vigorously. The budget is a mess. He will wait for his State of the Union and his economic messages. He will pledge sound finance.

Mr. Nixon did that, too, in February, 1970: "I have pledged to the American people that I would submit a balanced budget for 1971. This is particularly necessary because the cost of living has been rising rapidly for the past five years. The budget I send to you today . . . fulfills that pledge."

That was the pledge. But Mr. Nixon had a $23 billion deficit in the fiscal year ending in June, 1971; $23 billion in fiscal 1972; an estimated $30 billion deficit next year; and maybe $40 billion in 1974.

This red ink just can't last. The President knows perfectly well that the demand for social services won't be halted. It could be halted, perhaps, if the poor got more money, but the gap between rich and poor in America has not diminished and, in absolute terms, has grown wider. There are 25 million below the official poverty line. Slashing welfare would bring a revolution, so there seems no alternative but higher taxes under the overall economic policies the administration has followed—big tax concessions to corporations, a reduction in the graduated income tax loopholes.

Second term, Mr. Nixon must raise taxes. We assume this will come fairly promptly, will take the form of a nearly invisible value-added (sales) tax, and will go through a grudging Congress.

The most explosive domestic problem in America is race. Mr. Nixon knows that he can't run again and will be tempted to do something magnanimous for blacks that will get into the history books. But what? His political problem is to forge a lasting coalition of blue collar ethnics, old guard conservatives, and white suburbs. Almost anything he does for the central ghettoes will alienate his allies. Besides, the big majority of the blacks voted for McGovern. We see danger in this situation. We assume Mr. Nixon will offer tax subsidies to industries that will build plants in central cities, some aid for black enterprises, and boasts about the number of blacks named to federal jobs. Also that he will stiffen the drive for "law and order."

The drive for law and order may be furthered by new appointees to the Supreme Court. There are five Warren judges left on the tribunal whose average age at the end of the President's second term will be 68. Justice Douglas is 75 this October. We think Mr. Nixon will make two more appointments. His transformation of the court is his single most important act.

The Supreme Court allowed the *New York Times* to publish the Pentagon Papers by a 6 to 3 vote. With two more Nixon appointees he could swing the Court, 5 to 4, the other way. A fundamental alteration of values is evident, in the Court and in the administration. The Court voted, 5 to 4, that journalists don't have a constitutional right to protect their confidential sources. The President vetoed funds for public television. Daniel Ellsberg is on trial in Los Angeles. There has been a coordinated campaign to disparage the press and to rein in dissenters and unorthodox expressions. There is greater government countenance to repression. Incidentally, Mr. Nixon has all but ended White House press conferences.

Would Mr. Nixon be less aloof in his second term? Having finally won victory he might relax a bit. We wonder. Just the other day administration guns were unlimbered on McGovern. At Miami Beach a mob of furious young dissenters demanded to see McGovern and he came down to parley with them. They went away quietly. "For shame!" shouted the Agnews. They felt McGovern had demeaned the office. The proper role, they implied, was that adopted by President Nixon, when nearly half a million people came to Washington to protest the war. This reporter walked over to the White House. City buses had been lined up bumper to bumper in a barricade around the executive mansion. It was like a fort. Inside Mr. Nixon watched a football game on television. He did not demean the office. The difference of attitude forecasts the mood of the second term.

We imagine there will be labor trouble almost at once. Big trade union contracts come up for negotiation in 1973. We think Mr. Nixon's political alliance with George Meany, the Teamsters, and others is too uneasy to last. He pardoned ex-president Jimmy Hoffa from jail and dropped his proposed anti-strike legislation which he had urgently pressed for 2½ years. Once Mr. Nixon is reelected, however, there's not much that labor can do to him.

That leaves foreign affairs. Here we see Mr. Nixon victorious. He will *not* go down in history as the first American President to lose a war. Bombing will proceed. Simultaneously America's upward productivity trend (2½ percent a year) will continue, and outlets must be aggressively sought abroad in lieu of selling the surplus goods to the poor and the blacks at home. We assume the present extraordinary concentration of industry will continue and will flow into multi-national corporations, whose private foreign policies must be profected by a big US defense budget.

Mr. Nixon's big victory will come, we assume, in Vietnam. With McGovern defeated, he well be able to save America's honor on the field of battle. It will be like the South Vietnamese recovery of Quang Tri last week. It was a great victory and Quang Tri was destroyed.

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Nixon's Contradictions

Secret missions to Paris notwithstanding, Vietnam policy remains as simple as a blow on the head with a hammer: destroy the will and capacity of "the enemy" to frustrate our designs for Indochina; burn, defoliate, replace villages with refugee camps, bust dikes (accidentally), drop more explosives per square inch than has ever been done before. The partisans of this policy believe that Senator McGovern, who promises to stop the war, is keeping it going by keeping alive the hopes of "the enemy"; and conversely that the President, by keeping the war going, is proving that he wants to stop it.

The same logic, or illogic, informs the administration's current requests for new weapons. Just as the White House believes that the avenue to a tolerable peace in Indochina is pock-marked with bomb craters, so the way to slow down the arms race is to speed it up; the bigger our defense the bigger we can be in giving some of it up in future arms control negotiations with the Russians.

The Congress, which for a decade or so has obligingly swallowed whole these prescriptions for security may, finally, be showing faint signs of resistance, or at least reluctance. Though narrow, a majority in the Senate does seem almost prepared to insist on prompt withdrawal of American forces from Vietnam. Last week, the House Foreign Affairs Committee surprisingly voted 18-17 for an end-to-the-war amendment, subject to a limited cease-fire and release of the POWs. On arms procurement also some restiveness with the demands of the Pentagon is becoming visible, at least in the Senate.

The House on June 27 gave a hasty okay to the full $21.3 billion military authorization reported by its Pentagon-dominated Armed Services Committee. The Senate Armed Services Committee, however, rejected the administration's request for an antiballistic missile (ABM) system around Washington, DC, though it retained the full amount for the North Dakota ABM, which will guard some 60 of the 1000 Minuteman Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles (ICBMs), and endorsed Laird's two other major nuclear weapons systems—the B-1 bomber and the Trident missile-launching submarine. Laird had said he "could not support the SALT agreements if the Congress fails to act on the movement forward of the Trident system, on the B-1 bomber and on the other programs that we have outlined. . . ."

The Pentagon has been taking an all-or-nothing line on the Trident

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and B-1. It has tried, for example, to make it appear that any vote against Trident would doom the entire operation. Nothing could be more untrue. Trident is a three-part program. The first is a new submarine-launched ballistic missile (SLBM) which has been going through name changes more quickly than a Hungarian actress. It is now called Trident 1; a few months ago it was known as ULMS 1 (for Undersea Long-range Missile System); its maiden name was EXPO (for Extended Range Poseidon). Trident 1 was originally designed for the 31 Polaris submarines which are being modified to carry the Poseidon SLBM; it was conceived *before* the navy decided on a new submarine. The Senate could have voted to fund the Trident 1 SLBM but delay large-scale authorization of the longer range Trident 2 and new submarine and still maintain the capability to build them in the future. In the Pentagon's $977 million request for Trident is $361 million for "long-lead time items," primarily the nuclear power plants for the first four submarines. Congressional authorization and appropriation for these items would establish a schedule that would put the first Trident at sea in 1978 instead of 1981. It will be 1990, however, before even the first Polaris submarine is likely to need replacement; hence, opponents of the accelerated schedule want to deny money for the long-lead time items but allow the full request for the Trident 1 SLBM for Poseidon submarines.

The Pentagon is engaged in a subtle ploy to win continued funding for the B-1 bomber. Laird has been promising Congress that the B-1 will "fly before buy" —as if that were the only matter with which Congress should concern itself. The price tag on research and development is $2.7 billion: that's what it will cost just to see if this aeronautical dinosaur can get off the ground. In 1975, after a year of flight tests, Congress will then be asked to decide whether or not the B-1 is necessary. The air force is stacking the deck to assure the decision goes its way. There will be no alternative to the B-1 in 1975 if Congress were then to say "no"— and the air force is counting on that to make the answer "yes." An alternative suggested by a Brookings Institution study is for a parallel program for a "stand-off bomber," which, as the name implies, could hit targets without having to fly over them and thereby avoid tough air defenses. The air force will not consider this alternative. To tilt the balance further, the air force is allowing the effectiveness of its present B-52 strategic bomber fleet to deteriorate by failing to investigate or undertake programs which could extend its service life. For example, a 1969 proposal from Boeing Corporation, the B-52's prime contractor, to put better engines on the aircraft was not given the serious evaluation it should have received; also, for three years the air force did not spend funds appropriated by Congress for a decoy missile which would improve the B-52's ability to penetrate enemy air defenses.

So what are the prospects for arms control in this Senate session? A little better than at any time in the past years, but not much better than the prospect of Congress doggedly demanding withdrawal of our military presence from Vietnam. The Senate Armed Services Committee's deferral of the Washington ABM is encouraging, but the North Dakota site is proceeding on schedule. It will give the Soviet Union an incentive to match it with one of its own (permissible under the ABM treaty). Before SALT, the Russians had shown no inclination to build an ABM to protect offensive nuclear missiles.

Last year the B-1 project was passed on a voice vote after a spirited attack led by Senator McGovern. McGovern, busy elsewhere, will not be leading the B-1 battle this year. Arms control advocates in Washington have been searching for a new champion to challenge the B-1 on the Senate floor but to no avail. To make matters worse, the economics of defense-related employment are winnowing away senators who would normally be sympathetic to reductions in arms spending. Take, for instance, California's two Democrats, Alan Cranston and John Tunney. The B-1 will be built by North American Rockwell in Southern California where unemployed aerospace workers are a substantial electoral minority, and the B-1 appropriation will, like any comparable government contract, put thousands of jobless people to work. Staff aides to Cranston and Tunney privately indicate that the two senators will vote for the B-1. Senator William Proxmire (D, Wisc.) will be presenting a number of amendments to reduce military spending, but he will not lead the fight on the B-1 because, according to an aide, "he does not want to spread himself too thin."

Prospects for reducing the billion-dollar request for Trident had seemed brighter. The Senate Armed Services Committee narrowly endorsed the Nixon administration's Trident authorization. In committee, Senator Lloyd Bentsen (D, Texas) moved to eliminate all but $398 million for Trident, which would have cut out all funds for the long-lead items but continued development of the Trident 1 SLBM and put the submarine back on its original 1981 schedule. His motion failed on an 8-8 tie. Surprisingly, Bentsen was joined not only by liberal Democrats Hughes and Symington but by conservative Democrats Byrd of Virginia, Cannon and Jackson. Dominick and Saxbe crossed party lines to support slashing almost $600 million from Trident. On July 27 the Senate voted down Bentsen's amendment to delete funds for the new Trident submarine 49-39.

Whether we are discussing new weapons systems or Vietnam, the basic question is the same: what is the best way to safeguard the security of the United States? The lamest answer to that question is that the B-1 or Trident or an ABM around the nation's capital— or intensifying the destruction of Vietnam—are necessary *because* they give the President bargaining chips for some future negotiations.

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Tom Eagleton

When George McGovern picked Senator Tom Eagleton he opted for a man with a record to match his own. A glance down the list shows Eagleton consistently for withdrawal from Vietnam and for cutting unnecessary military spending, including votes against ABM and DOD funding of nondefense research, for a limit of $66 billion on defense expenditures for 1971 ($6 billion under Nixon's request) and for a 50,000 troop reduction in Europe. He has voted for tax reform in the direction of McGovern's proposals and is co-sponsor with Gaylord Nelson (D, Wisc.) of a bill shifting more of the burden from the poor to the rich. The AFL-CIO disapproves only of his votes against the SST and the Lockheed loan and for confirmation of William Rehnquist, and in our judgment Eagleton was more right than labor. He stood against Haynsworth and Carswell, has been generous in expenditures for social welfare (housing, urban renewal, public works, child care, food stamps, higher education, social security), and stuck with the Mansfield-Scott compromise position on busing during the recent flurry of hysterical amendments to the higher education bill. On agriculture he has sided with the small farmer and the farm worker.

Eagleton's record is not an exact match of McGovern's, however; it isn't an exact match of anybody's. McGovern voted against Rehnquist; Eagleton stated that despite philosophical disagreement Rehnquist met his standards of "industry, intelligence, and integrity." Eagleton objects to a volunteer army ("an all-volunteer army will be a poor boys' army") and in 1970 voted against a military pay raise designed to move in that direction. He has been more adamant than Senator McGovern about Senate reform. In 1971 he voted to change the number of votes needed to invoke cloture on debate (thus break a filibuster) from two-thirds to three-fifths; McGovern did not vote. On a motion to end the automatic election of those with most seniority to committee chairmanships, the two split again: Eagleton for, McGovern against. Eagleton has recommended a mandatory retirement age of 70 for all federal officials.

Though he had voted 10 days before to bring the oil depletion allowance down from 27.5 to 20 percent, he voted yes in 1969 for an amendment removing oil and gas intangible drilling costs from the list of items taxed under the minimum tax on oil corporation earnings. The oil lobby liked that vote. In 1970 he voted against a Stennis amendment, drafted to embarrass northern civil rights advocates, requiring that any school racial standards be applied uniformly throughout the nation, whether to de facto or de jure situations. A year later he opposed an unsuccessful amendment offered by Abe Ribicoff which would have required nationwide integration of schools, de facto and de jure, and provided funds to do so. Eagleton has reiterated that: "Busing is still a useful tool in breaking down the barriers of de jure segregation, but I take the position that, from a legal point of view, the courts and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare do not have authority to require busing in situations of de facto [residential] segregation."

Senator Eagleton has been more involved than McGovern on environment matters. As vice-chairman of the Air and Water Pollution Subcommittee he has sponsored legislation on agricultural pollution and waste recovery and helped draft the Clean Air Act Amendments of 1970. Last winter and spring he conducted hearings on the implementation of those amendments; earlier he ran hearings leading to legislation on water pollution, and oversight hearings on the auto industry's request for a one-year extension of the 1975 deadline for clean exhaust.

Having started in politics as a circuit attorney (a prosecutor) and state attorney general, he has paid attention to what he calls the "law, order, and justice" issue. Defending civil rights he has backed effective law enforcement. He, Mondale (D, Minn.), Saxbe (R, Ohio), and Brooke (R, Mass.) put forward a bill last year which would give federal money to states *if* they met certain standards—improving their police, courts, and correctional systems rather than simply beefing up police forces as is often the case under the existing Law Enforcement Assistance Administration.

Eagleton's interest in the comprehensive and the long-range is visible in his concern about economic conversion from a war-time economy. With Senator Kennedy he is sponsoring a bill to establish a federal agency to apply military technology to civilian problems. This fits with McGovern's proposed commission to guide the transition to peace.

That's the public record. Now alongside it is placed the private record of Senator Eagleton's having entered hospitals on three occasions in the 1960s, fatigued and depressed, having consulted psychiatrists, and on two of these visits having been given shock treatment. All this before his career in Washington. Are we expected to think that his subsequent four-year performance in the Senate, under far heavier pressures than he could have experienced as a state official in Missouri, count for little or nothing? Winston Churchill was troubled throughout life by what he called "Black Dog," recurrent bouts of melancholy and depression. But in the Victorian England of Churchill's young days, one didn't go to psychiatrists, one withdrew to an upper room and pulled down the blinds. Tom Eagleton is of another age and had the sense to get help when he needed it. All of this having been said, there is no denying that his medical history and his failure to tell McGovern about it the instant the nomination was offered have damaged the campaign and created legitimate doubts about the ticket—doubts Eagleton had to assess in deciding whether to remain a candidate.

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Oil and Water

Khrushchev once quoted Nasser an old Russian proverb: "Don't spit in the well, you may need to drink the water." But the Egyptians are an excolonial people who look to the superpowers as saviors or scapegoats. The Soviets have let them down by refusing to send long-range bombers, subverting the power of the generals and making secret deals with the Americans at their summits. So they say, and once again they are throwing the rascals out. Grandstand plays against foreign devils, whether American, English or British, sometimes rescued Nasser from failures at home and revived national morale. Yet there is a certain pathos in Premier Sadat's boast that Arab socialism now must go it alone. He told the Arab Socialist Union, the only political organization in the country, that both the US and the USSR had schemed to sell out the Egyptians—how else could he account for the impious good luck of the Israelis? The Americans' most recent treachery was the "Rogers initiative" and the cease-fire of 1970. The US became "the greatest threat . . . in the Middle East problem."

What drove Sadat to spit in the Russian well was his restive army. In the "military socialism" Sadat inherited from Nasser, the military is the only constituency, and the Russians were encroaching on the authority of the officers within their own ranks. These foreign advisors were better trained, more efficient than the Egyptians themselves. Working on the Aswan Dam Project, Russian "experts" had been almost as testy and unpopular as they are now, but at least they had not stepped on the toes of the army. There soon grew up a cozy arms traffic between the two countries, in which Cairo bartered its cotton to the huge Russian market (Western countries were turning to synthetics) for tanks and guns. This military investment, though not without trade benefits, was imposing. Egypt, Syria and Iraq have consumed over half of the total Soviet military aid program. Cairo annually received 10 percent of the total Soviet military aid budget and whatever it cost to send 15,000 advisors and to maintain a fleet in the Mediterranean.

The US might benefit the most from Sadat's estrangement with Moscow, at least in terms of greater freedom of diplomatic maneuver. It reduces pressures for an American military presence to counter the Russian: there is little chance now of any Cuban-type showdown over Soviet missiles. The Soviet naval build-up in the Mediterranean, if deprived of a territorial base in the Near East, loses much of its threat. Though not resuming relations (which might make the break with Moscow look like a deal with the US), Sadat may be ready to let Washington try to mediate a settlement. Moscow might have had a larger mediating role, but it seemed to eschew both war and peace in the area. Perhaps, as Sadat and others seem finally to have suspected, it wanted a base of military operations on the Nile without the onus of a messy war with Israel. Stalemate was the ideal, if at times expensive.

But the Russians did not control their Arab clients. Moreover, Islam and communism are oil and water. There is no proletarian leadership in Egypt's socialism, just Allah and country. The Soviets found it hard to encourage "vanguard parties of socialist orientation" when Sadat was jailing left-wing rivals like Ali Sabry. The two countries simply used each other for their own pragmatic military ends until these reached the point of mutual frustration.

If the army was frustrated, the result of the Soviet exodus will be to frustrate them more. Though it likes its dignity, the military also likes its hardware. If Soviet aid dries up, Sadat will have to scramble to keep the generals with him. He has none of Nasser's charisma, no public opinion outside the army on which he can rely. The middle class for whom he has done so much are too few to save him, and the only other force in Egypt's unsettled politics is an underground, right-wing society called the Moslem Brotherhood, hardly Sadat's kind of people.

Should Sadat go, any benefit to Israel from the current uproar in Cairo could be short-run. The USSR will be a hostile superpower on their flank, and Israel is still a country of three, not 30 million souls, surrounded by a huge Moslem population. Europe sees its economic and political interests more and more allied with those of the Arab world. Israel is in no danger now, but time is running out on any policy which depends wholly on force.

Keeping Up with Inflation

By a one-vote margin Senate liberals managed to defeat the administration's proposed minimum wage increase to $2.00 and replace it with one of their own—raising the minimum to $2.00 now and $2.20 in two years. Their legislation would also extend coverage to more than 7.5 million new workers, including federal, state and local government employees, domestics and laborers on large farms, and give overtime pay to workers in about a dozen industries previously exempted from time-and-a-half rates. A proposal by Sen. Moss (D, Utah) to require an adjustment of the minimum wage every two years depending upon changes in the cost of living and productivity was rejected.

The measure now goes into conference with a House bill conforming to the administration's proposals: a $2.00 minimum, $1.70 for workers on large farms, $1.60 for students, and no extension of coverage to new workers. If the Senate version were to prevail, over six million workers earning under $2.00 an hour would receive immediate raises.

George McGovern made a big splash by returning

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from South Dakota and casting what seemed to be the decisive vote. It is unlikely that the labor leadership McGovern wanted to placate will respond with favor. (Actually, McGovern's vote was not decisive. The final score was 48-46 after the voting, but Senator Burdick withdrew his vote and paired against Ellender, who was absent, thus making it 47-46. Burdick explained that he had promised Ellender that unless it changed the outcome he would pair against him so that Ellender's position would be on record.) But as Jerry Wurf argues elsewhere in this issue, George McGovern's votes on the issue are not the crux of his trouble with labor (he has an excellent AFL-CIO record of 72 right, 5 wrong up to this year). The rift is between two cultures.

During debate on the floor advocates of the $2.20 minimum pointed out that:

► A $2.20 level would simply bring the minimum wage back up to its real level in 1966, when the $1.60 minimum was enacted. Since then the cost of living has risen 27 percent, making that $1.60 equal $2.07 in buying power today. In two years the $2.20 minimum would take care of inflation and little else.

► Just to exceed the eligible level for welfare supplements under HR1, Nixon's proposed welfare reform bill, a worker today must earn $2.07 an hour.

► Since 1966 the average hourly wage has increased 34 percent, and the relationship between the average hourly wage and the minimum wage is worse today than it was in 1950, when the minimum was 75 cents.

Republicans countered that a rise to $2.20 would actually hurt the poor by making inflation and unemployment worse. Senator Taft (R, Ohio), leading the opposition, summed up the four days of debate in saying "the committee bill (for $2.20) in sum certainly provides a bleak outlook for many of the nation's working poor as they face higher prices for food, products, and services; possible curtailment or abandonment of services including the closing of the neighborhood grocery and the loss of their only way to work—the bus; higher taxes due to the increased burden of state and local governments and most important, they even face the potential loss of their jobs. But we suppose the ex-workers could say that if they had jobs they would have received a $2.20 minimum. In response Sen. Williams (D, NJ) claimed that after each of six increases in the minimum wage, employment had increased three times and remained stable the other three. As for inflation, Edward Kennedy echoed others: "We shall never win the war against inflation if all we use as a cannon fodder is the rights and lives . . . of those who are most in need. . . ."

Sens. Taft and Dominick (R, Colo.), who sponsored the administration's alternative, are undoubtedly correct in saying the $2.20 rise will be inflationary (so would $2.00) and some of the working poor will lose jobs. If the poor are to be truly helped it will take more forthright action: income redistribution through taxes and federal spending to create jobs would help.

The Nixon Watch

Agnew Again

The President could have made a big show of announcing that he had decided to keep Vice President Agnew on the 1972 ticket. He didn't and here is a guess, derived from conversations at the White House, at why he didn't. Spiro T. Agnew in 1972 is a known figure, variously admired and detested, judged by some to be fit and by others unfit for his present office and for the highest office, in a way that he was not known and appraised in 1968. Mr. Nixon was 56 when he was inaugurated in 1969; he will be 60 when and if he is inaugurated in 1973. Many more people will be thinking in 1972 than were thinking in 1968 that in voting for Nixon-Agnew they will be voting for a Vice President who at any moment could become President Agnew. They will be wrestling with the thought that Senator George McGovern, the Democratic nominee, drily expressed at the end of a CBS television interview on July 23 when he said the announcement "does give us some indication as to the kind of man the President wants to run this country."

Mr. Nixon cannot drive the thought from the electoral mind. He cannot eliminate and he can do very little to diminish the hazards of mortality. But he can do a good deal to minimize and mitigate the effects that the thought and the hazards may have upon his own candidacy. In particular, he can minimize and discourage the assumption that in retaining the Vice President on the Republican ticket this year he is setting up Mr. Agnew for the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1976. He has kept the Vice President at a distance throughout the first term, demonstrating that his Vice President doesn't have to be his man in the sense of one who is entitled to regular and intimate association and consultation. This process of deliberate disassociation was taken to the extreme in recent months, when the President dangled his Texas Nixocrat, John B. Connally, before Agnew and the country as a possible alternative for this year's ticket and refused to discuss the matter with the Vice President. The hour that Nixon and Agnew spent together in the Oval Office on July 21, giving and getting the word at last, was the first such occasion in a long while. Agnew barely suggested the intensity and depths of the frustration and pain he had endured in the past months of demeaning uncertainty when he said after the decision was announced, "I guess everybody has moments of insecurity from time to time, but I never did really feel that I was in deep trouble, you might say, as far as the selection was concerned." So proud a man must have suffered, even in the moment of declaring his pleasure at being selected, when a reporter asked him what he said to the President and he answered: "I simply said, 'Mr. President, I am delighted to have the chance to serve again with you, and I will

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do everything I can to see that we are reelected.' "

The way in which the President made the smallest possible show of the announcement is worth recording. He returned from a fortnight in California on Tuesday, spent the working week in hot and smoggy Washington, and called Agnew into the Oval Office at the White House on Friday afternoon. As he has done for much less important announcements, he could then have appeared with Agnew in the White House press room, before TV cameras and a crowd of byline writers. Instead he helicoptered to Camp David, the presidential haven in the nearby Maryland mountains, for dinner with John Connally. He returned briefly to Washington on Saturday, not to announce anything but to attend the wedding of a friend of his daughter, Julie Eisenhower. Earlier on Saturday, usually an empty day for the media at the White House, reporters were given an hour's notice that Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler would hold briefing "for sound and film." Ziegler announced, in the flattest conceivable fashion, that the President had informed various Republican dignitaries "of his intention to recommend to the Republican National Convention the nomination of Vice President Agnew for a second term. As President Nixon said in January, in an interview [with Dan Rather of CBS], he believes that you should not break up a winning combination." Apart from the names of the Republicans who'd been told about it and the fact that the President "informed the Vice President of his decision" at the Friday afternoon meeting, that was it. Ziegler said that reporters who wanted to hear from Agnew could do so if they went out to Andrews Air Force Base, a longish drive from Washington, where the Vice President would be having a press conference before he took off for the West Coast and Alaska. The press secretary also did what he could, short of meeting the question directly, to discourage the instant speculation that the President was having his decision announced then, somewhat earlier than his political assistants had expected it, in order to shut off a rising and potentially embarrassing "stop Agnew" movement among such Republicans as Senators Jacob Javits of New York and William Saxbe of Ohio. A few newspaper and magazine editorialists were demanding that Agnew be dumped, and conservative Nixon supporters were threatening to desert the ticket if he was. "Actually," Ziegler said, "it comes down to this. The President had made his decision and, therefore, wanted to announce it."

A lot of private White House activity preceded the announcement. H. R. Haldeman, John Ehrlichman and Charles Colson, the three Nixon assistants most involved in seeing to it that campaign attitudes and tactics are shaped up in the way the President wants them shaped, have recently had some earnest and friendly conversations with the Vice President. Much as the fact may surprise people who think of Haldeman and Colson as perhaps the toughest hard-liners in the President's immediate service, the thrust of their talks with Agnew was that the Vice President, for his own and the President's good, has got to cool down without entirely abandoning his attacks on media liberals, negative elitists, and the whole spectrum of anti-Nixon types who somehow get identified as traitorous revolutionaries in the familiar Agnew rhetoric. Agnew speeches in Oregon, Alaska, and Spokane, Wash., during the first tour he made after he was reanointed by the President, reflected either the White House advice or (as is quite believable) his own judgment of the tone he should strike in the 1972 campaign. The speeches were (for him) moderate, conciliatory and, as he has mournfully predicted such speeches would be, not very quotable. The worst he had to say about the environmentalists who oppose the horrifyingly destructive trans-Alaska oil pipeline was that they are "anti-progress." His discussion in Portland, at a gathering of small-town editors, of the relationship between government and the media was a model of intelligent restraint. He actually said, "The substance of my remarks, then, is that we all, whether government official or editor, might do well to forego harangue and cliché in favor of discussion based on reason and public interest." Among others at the White House, Bob Haldeman let it be known at the end of the Agnew tour that he was pleased with the Vice President's performance. One may suspect that Haldeman was also surprised, relieved, and keeping his fingers crossed.

Whether to leave Agnew to his own staff and devices or to surround him with a crew of Nixon assistants, as was done for the 1970 mid-term campaign, was a question discussed but not decided during the week preceding the President's proxy announcement. The Vice President resented the implication in 1970 that the President thought him incapable of conducting a satisfactory campaign without White House oversight, and the assignment of four Nixon assistants to Agnew saddled the President with indisputable responsibility for the abrasive assaults and tactics that in the outcome proved to be more damaging than helpful. Patrick Buchanan, one of two Nixon speechwriters assigned to Agnew in 1970, has heard unofficial speculation that he may get the same chore this year, but at this writing nobody at the White House had discussed the possibility with him. Bryce Harlow, the assistant who headed the Agnew team in 1970, is no longer at the White House and no assistant there now has Agnew's confidence to the extent that Harlow had it. There will be a watch on Agnew, that's for sure. How to mount and keep it is a nice question, the kind the President terms "a close call," and it probably won't be decided before he and his Vice President are renominated in August.

John Osborne

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No To Tax Reform

Failure in New Jersey

Good things may be said for tax reform as a way to achieve social welfare goals without a social welfare bureaucracy. Government as wealth distributor offers low-profile government and satisfies that deep belief that people can best care for themselves, if only they had the money or opportunity. There are problems in the doing, however, and they are illustrated by what has happened to Gov. Cahill in New Jersey.

It would be hard to find as thorough an effort in an urban state as that which Governor Cahill made over the past two years to change the way government works in pursuit of tax equity, arresting the decline of cities, equal educational opportunity and paying for future increases in the cost of public services. Not only were issues of type of tax, rates and who should pay involved, but also what level of government should do the taxing, distribution of revenues and rate-making. His effort was comparable, within one state, to a drastic overhaul of the US tax code, establishing federal-state revenue sharing and initiating a federal value added tax. It ended in Trenton on July 14 when only nine of the governor's 39 fellow Republicans voted with 14 Democrats for Cahill's comprehensive reform.

The program was contained in 55 bills—one 316 pages long—and three proposed constitutional amendments. One bill overhauled public school finance to comply with recent court decisions; it provided for full state assumption of school operating costs and had an ingenious scheme to permit districts to vote themselves additional funds but keep a rough measure of equity in tax burden among all districts. Another provided for state assumption of the costs and administration of all public welfare and most remaining local courts. State-local revenue sharing through general purpose "block grants" was provided to replace piecemeal efforts to offset fiscal miseries of cities and triple the money involved. A state-managed "bond bank" would have lent long-term capital to localities. One constitutional amendment would give municipalities the option of taxing land at full value and improvements at half value. Another bill established a state property valuation system and new appeals procedure from local assessments.

The key elements were two: a new statewide property tax (of $1 per $100 equalized value), and a progressive personal income tax. Only New Jersey, Connecticut, Florida and Texas among the populous states (and only six others in all) do not have the tax. The lack gives state administration and budgeting an annual circus atmosphere and a notable reputation for the poverty of state services, particularly higher education and health. Governor Cahill constructed a bipartisan effort and attempted to mask the sting of new taxes and increases in some old ones (including corporate income) by tying the income tax to a sharp reduction in local property taxes, particularly in the state's decaying old industrial cities. They are as high in New Jersey as any state.

The governor's sales pitch was that by reducing the property tax burden and recasting much of that remaining—the new state one—on a more equitable basis he attacked the major cause of the unfair, regressive state-local tax system. Normally, governors, legislators and interest groups do not go about debating the fairness of state-local tax systems, the outlines of which lie buried among a handful of experts. That the debate reached—or aspired to reach—this level was due to the work of a "blue ribbon" tax committee the governor appointed soon after taking office in 1970. It reported last February in a concise, penetrating study that is a model analysis of how public revenues are raised and who among taxpayers provides them.

In one sense, the committee prescribed revolution. It conceived of New Jersey, the most densely populated state (more so than Japan) as an urban community and state government as successor to municipality. It was a conception that would have gone far to propel government in New Jersey into the 20th century. It would have had the state collect about $3 billion in tax revenues, compared with $1.6 billion now, and localities $1.3 billion compared with $2.2 billion now.

In another sense, the committee tried hard to avoid revolution. If all proposals were adopted, the state-local tax burden would be "roughly proportional"—about 15 percent for the poorest and about 12 percent for the richest families, but hardly much change for the great middle range, nor what many would call equity. The committee was constrained, however, by its determination to fashion an income tax at half New York State rates. This is typical of the way New Jersey goes about its public business. But such balance was probably necessary; the package amounted to more substantial change than the state had contemplated at least since the adoption of a new constitution in 1947.

The governor not only made the report the basis of legislation, with minor modification, but announced to a startled joint legislative session in May he wanted it considered as a whole, and fast, threatening to keep legislators in their unair-conditioned chamber through the summer. Then he took off campaigning.

It was an incongruous role for the governor, a former congressman from Camden with few gifts for dramatic personal leadership except a winning earnestness. A Republican, he had to campaign in traditionally Republican suburbs and rural areas telling citizens they had a duty to pay more taxes to help the poor, that the agonies of Newark were theirs, and that the cost of public services was going up and the state should provide them. "Is this the way to run a modern state?" he asked during a last-minute television appeal after a litany that would do justice to a good editorialist on

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the urban crisis. "I don't think so and we can't duck the issues any longer."

In the end his most active allies were Kenneth Gibson, the black mayor of Newark, and the League of Women Voters. There is no way, however, to account for the vote in terms of traditional party interest.

The governor won over or neutralized the big business interest and won the mayors of all large cities, mostly Democrats. He persuaded those who respond to the moral imperatives of equality and abstractions of public welfare as future benefit: leading newspapers, notably *The Record*, serving Bergen, one of the most affluent suburban counties; university professors' organizations; a few small unions and social welfare groups such as the New Jersey Catholic Conference. But he failed to arouse most others either way.

The state AFL-CIO, dominated by old-line crafts unions, was in open opposition. With the aid of Democratic minority leaders, labor got the governor to agree to more heavily tax corporations and incomes above $25,000 and provide additional benefits for wage-earning families such as deductions for college tuition on the income tax. By the time of the vote, however, any hope of rational debate and revision had dissolved into escapist fantasies: a demand for lower taxes and protection from future increases, a pervasive belief the governor was hiding things in the mountain of fine print and a revulsion against being told to be good. Assemblyman John Spizziri of Wyckoff, epitome of the well-off suburban district that dominates New Jersey politics, put the matter succinctly: "We're not interested in the cities. We're just interested in our own areas." Such interest, however, was not measured by dollars. Rural Republicans, whose constituents bear the heaviest per-capita property taxes voted no, as did most city Democrats even though most of their families would have gained much from property tax reduction compared with new income tax liability. In the three largest old industrial counties—Essex (Newark), Hudson and Camden—the governor got six of 22 votes. There it was ward against ward, often on ethnic lines.

A necessary sense of crisis, the governor observed, was lacking. The New Jersey Supreme Court might be the agent here. The court will decide, probably this fall, whether New Jersey's existing school finance system must be replaced as ordered by a lower court which found it unconstitutional a la *Serrano*. If it does so find, the legislature could not avoid the major issues in the reform package. This may be too charitable an assessment of the capacities of the legislature, however. Even under court order, the New Jersey legislature could not redraw congressional districts and the judges had to do it themselves.

Jerome Zukosky

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How to Open Up The Democratic Party

by Donald E. Nicoll

In the weeks ahead few political activists—and fewer average voters—are likely to pay attention to the question of how the Democratic Party may organize itself after November 7. A debate over institutional reorganization cannot compete with a campaign to elect a President, nor should it. But while the political workers and the voters are focusing on McGovern-Eagleton vs. Nixon-Agnew, the operation to devise a charter for the Democratic Party will be in motion. For though the national convention put off some of the more far-reaching proposals by the commission headed by Congressmen James S. O'Hara of Michigan and Donald E. Fraser of Minnesota, it did adopt the commission's recommendation to expand the Democratic National Committee and also directed the National Committee to appoint a new reform commission before January 1, 1973, to draft a charter for consideration at a 1974 party conference.

According to the drafters, the O'Hara-Fraser proposal would give the Democratic Party and its national committee the kind of broadened participation and emphasis on program that marked the 1972 convention. The battle lines that formed tended to confirm that description. Those most ardent for George McGovern and the new politics wanted to clinch the transformation of the party by adopting the charter in Miami Beach. Those who resisted the 1972 reforms and the candidate who benefited most from them opposed the charter as a device that would further alienate the Democratic Party from its traditional supporters and leaders. Senator McGovern and his managers chose to avoid a confrontation by pressing the compromise that expanded the national committee, laid the groundwork for adopting the charter at a later date, and left the way open for additional accommodation.

In the hiatus between the July convention and the appointment of a new reform commission, it may be useful to examine some of the questions that must be answered in evaluating the O'Hara-Fraser proposal: would the charter increase rank-and-file participation? Would it lessen the division between the "congressional Democrats" and the "national Democrats"? Would it narrow the gap between promise and performance by candidates? The answer is: "not likely." Would it lead to a narrowly based ideological party? Again, the answer is, "not likely."

The proposed mid-term party policy conference would provide an additional opportunity for party members to select delegates to a national party convention, but almost two-thirds of the delegates to the national, mid-term conference would be selected by

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card-carrying members of the Democratic Party of the United States as distinguished from enrolled Democratic voters in the states. That implies a dual enrollment for full membership in the national party, and as it makes enrollment more difficult, it is a restriction on participation. A more serious damper on rank-and-file participation and influence in the party is the large and elaborate structure created for the central party organization, including the more than 300-member national committee, the 21-member executive committee, and the permanent secretariat to the national committee. Fifty-one members of the national committee would be "state" members of the national membership and finance council, appointed by the national chairman "with the concurrence of the state chairman and the approval of the Democratic National Committee," hardly an exercise in participatory democracy.

The national membership and finance council illustrates how significant rank-and-file membership and influence would be under the new arrangement. The charter specifically rules out a fee or dues as a condition for party membership, but the responsibility for membership and fund-raising activities in each state is vested in the state's council member who serves at the national committee chairman's pleasure and who may vote in the national committee "only when that state is currently meeting its [financial] quota as determined by the national executive committee." That should tell us something about the charter's order of priorities.

Some theorists, noting the discrepancies between nominal party membership and support for national Democratic policies among some members of Congress, have suggested that the strong national organization and the biennial issues conference in the O'Hara-Fraser charter would cut the autonomy of the "congressional party" (James MacGregor Burns, "The Democrats on the Eve," *NR*, July 1) thus making it easier for a reformist Democratic President to deliver on his campaign promises. To the degree that senators and congressmen are part of the party's policy development process, and to the degree that Democrats in the individual congressional districts and states nominate and elect members who agree with party policies, the correlation between congressional party labels and party program support should improve. But those conditions are not functions of internal party structure and party membership requirements. They are the products of voter sentiment and party efforts in the congressional districts and states, plus party discipline and organization within the House and Senate. To concentrate on structural reorganization in the national party as the answer to that set of problems is to delay more essential reform.

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I am not arguing against improvements in the national Democratic Party organization, nor do I wholly accept Alexander M. Bickel's view ("Will the Democrats Survive Miami?" *NR*, July 15) that the charter proposal, especially as it relates to the biennial National Conference, would make the party "purer and smaller." The history of broad-based party involvement in the development of substantive policy suggests that the mid-term national conference would lead to a less ideological party and would expand support for the party and its candidates. This at any rate has been true of the Maine Democratic Party where, since 1954, issues conferences, vigorous platform debates and serious attention to program commitments have been matched by a steady growth in party enrollment, electoral successes, infusion of new leadership, and an absence of party factions. This year's experience in the Democratic Party's national platform hearings, the platform committee debates, and the final convention action on the platform argues that the more extensive the opportunities for involvement in a party's policy-making process, the less bitter will be the disagreements and the more responsive the party will be to the voters' felt needs. That kind of openness is essential to any rational reconciliation and reform in our society. For these reasons the Democratic national committee should include an issues conference as part of the 1974 meeting at which the charter question is considered.

There is, however, an underlying fallacy in the O'Hara-Fraser charter: it is that state party organizations are the creatures and captives of parochial, local leadership that must be subordinated to a strong national party whose membership has a broader perspective. We should have learned in the last ten years, if not before, that the distilled wisdom of the nation is not in Washington, which has its own parochial interests and myopia that needs constant checking and correction. A national party, organized around the power struggles of this company town, will not be the responsive instrument the reformers seek, unless it is responsible to constituencies in the states and territories where local party reform and participatory democracy are made a continuing process.

The national committee can help that process. It did so once before under the leadership of the late Paul Butler who, as chairman of the national committee after the 1956 election, combined a lively interest in national Democratic policies with a determination to help the state committees broaden and improve their organizations. Butler's work was dropped after the Kennedy administration took office, and only his policy council was revived under Lawrence O'Brien. Senator McGovern and his associates now have an opportunity, through a stronger national committee and the new reform commission, to restore a healthy concept that prevailed when McGovern was executive secre-

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tary of the South Dakota Democratic Party, the concept of a party that sets national guidelines for equal opportunity to participate in the state parties, works to restrict last-minute crossovers and supports broader organizations in the states and communities. That would be consistent with the McGovern reforms and would be a far more effective response to the problems plaguing the Democrats in 1972.

Confusing Idealism with Greed

The Meaning of 1972

by William Lee Miller

I want to object to a Stewart Alsop column in the July 3 *Newsweek* headed "The Greedy Election." Alsop calls this a "what's in it for me" election, an election which is "mostly about who gets what share of the money pie," which "is not the sort of subject that lights stars in many eyes," an election in which no idealism is to be found.

I should perhaps say, to try to put this discussion on a higher plane than personal political allegiances, that I had not been a McGovern supporter. I have spent many painful hours these past half dozen years trying to persuade one or another new politics type that Hubert Humphrey is not a monster but a decent man, which on university campuses is uphill work, and I worked for Humphrey's election in 1968. This year I had been a Muskie supporter, for all the center-seeking Nixon-beating reasons that other people took the same position. I know very well what a supply of self-righteousness, irrationality, vindictiveness, naivete and authoritarian intolerance one could find in the further reaches of the New Left in its heyday. I am well acquainted with, and deplore as Alsop does, the soft hedonism, the elitism, and the escapist irresponsibility that runs through much of the so-called "counterculture." Also I was a belated dove on the war; the history of my attitudes on that central question would be somewhat nearer to Alsop than to McGovern. I volunteer this bit of autobiographical psychohistory to try to separate my objections to Alsop's position from wounded McGovernism.

So why is there such a difference of interpretation in the present case? Partly because we make differing appraisals of McGovern's relationship to his followers. Mostly because we have different notions of "idealism" —what it is and which ideals we are talking about.

About McGovern's relationship to his followers I perceive two things that do not come through in Alsop's references to "pot-smokers" and "draft-dodgers." First, there is a much greater variety among these young people, with much more that is valuable in their outlook, than sneering condemnations imply. Thousands of people have said this, and the Scranton Commission after the Kent State killings got it stated carefully and well in all its complexity, but still the non-campus columnist or citizen needs to be reminded again: the stereotyped "militants" are not the key to anything. The group of young people that counts is vastly larger, with some of the attitudes of "protest" mixed in varying proportions with many other attitudes. The issue all along has been how this larger group would develop. That is the first point. The second is that George McGovern's campaign has brought out the best in this variegated spread of young dissenters.

I think we are lucky to have McGovern leading this wing of American politics. Think what might have come out of the cauldron of the late sixties. Alsop (and many another Washington commentator, unloading now on McGovern) seems to identify McGovern with the more bizarre and objectionable parts of his following. My own appraisal is different. I arrive at my conclusion from living these last years surrounded by people in the process of becoming McGovernites. It has worked a considerable improvement in their collective character. McGovern and his top people, like Gary Hart whom I once had as a student, or his local people like the new, young mayor of Bloomington, Indiana and the faculty wife who is city council president, seem to me to represent the moral earnestness rather than the peremptory self-righteousness that could be found in the late sixties' left. They have the quiet persistence of the best rather than the do-your-thing escapism of the worst. That's the way it is in Monroe County, Indiana, and I hear

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that that is the way it is in New Haven, Connecticut, too.

It is altogether too tiresome to go back over the "within the system" business again, but surely that point is obvious: the McGovern movement, with help from Richard Nixon and history, has brought into the framework of what a short time ago they scornfully were dismissing as mere "electoral politics" a large number of ungreedy young people, whose attitudes toward politics, and for that matter toward their country, are just now in the process of being shaped. The McGovern movement in addition is now teaching them political lesson number two: not only should they work within the system, but when they do so they should admit that other people exist and have ideas different from their own and that they need to learn to work with and accommodate to these people, and even appreciate them. I think the rather gingerly effort by the McGovern students to find and appeal to somebody called the "blue-collar worker" is, though tinged with naivete, touching and good. From my point-of-view it is rather nice to see Shirley MacLaine, a passionate supporter of causes, now more deeply into politics and becoming something of a judicious politician on the issue of abortion. But I am glad that before teaching these important statesmanlike political lessons about prudence, toleration, conciliation, and pragmatism, the McGovern movement established clearly what is more important, the fundamental commitment to social justice, so you know the direction in which you are headed before you start doing the judicious, prudent, pragmatic things to get there.

Which brings us to the question of "idealism," and whether McGovern *et al* represent it. The answer depends upon what you mean by the word and what "ideals" you recognize. There are many different pictures of an ideal society, or of ideal conduct in relation to society, some of them in conflict with each other. Stretching the word one might apply it to Barry Goldwater, since he had a picture of society as it ought to be—with little or no government and lots of unfettered air force generals and department store executives—in the service of which ideal he was willing sacrificially to take the ship of the GOP down to the bottom of the ocean. A little perversely one might do the same for the Wallace movement, in which I am sure there are many who are sacrificing their personal interests in the narrowest sense in behalf of that Ideal Society in which all pointy-headed professors have been banished, all protesters have been run over by limousines and the Potomoc flows with bureaucrats' briefcases. Usually though we have used the word "idealism" for an outlook that seeks deliberately to change society in the direction of greater equality, inclusiveness, "democracy" and social justice. Loose though it is, there is a certain direction in that, and it is what "social idealism" mostly has meant in American history.

We have of course had myriad expressions of it in movements of progressives, reformers, abolitionists, cranks, populists, egalitarians, and democrats; in Brook Farm people and Robert Owen people and followers of Henry George, Eugene V. Debs, Walter Rauschenbusch, Walt Whitman ("Not 'till the sun excludes you do I exclude you!") and a thousand others —let us say, in all the people Vernon Parrington approved of in *Main Currents of American Thought* and then some. It has had its slightly domesticated political expression in Jeffersonianism and more particularly in Jacksonianism; in Populism and to a degree in Progressivism; in the New Deal and a lot of lesser political movements. Woodrow Wilson characteristically once said, with whatever degree of truth, that we are the "only idealistic people on earth."

I rehearse this familiar point for this reason only: it slips through Alsop's fingers. It is to be accepted and understood that he (and many others for whom he is a convenient symbol now for my purpose) do not like that conglomerate American collection of social visions and dreams; but I object when he preempts the word "idealism" for quite another use and excludes the current expression of this one entirely.

And he does the same for the other chief strand of American idealism, whose goal is a world of peace. Here is another whole conglomerate of movements, pacifist and quasi-pacifistic and antiwar and antimilitarist and internationalist in a different sense than Alsop's nineteen-forties' internationalism, favoring leagues and pledges and world federations and disarmament and summit meeting and amity among all peoples and all of that. One may reject this strand of American idealism, too, and many of us spend a good part of our working time trying to bring it into a realistic relation to the possibilities of the present world. But anyone who denies that the moral conviction lying behind it can be genuine has not dealt seriously with its adherents. Alsop compares McGovern's foreign policy to the isolationism of Robert Taft, which seems to me to tell more about Alsop than about McGovern: it implies that the world, and the balance of forces defining America's role in it, are no different in 1972 than they were in 1940 or 1946. And for the young he has the epithet "draft dodgers," which I suggest, is both inaccurate and (in a writer who is recommending more idealism) hitting below the belt.

Mr. Alsop's own idea of a truly idealistic statement, the measuring rod by which he finds the "national mood" to be defective is John F. Kennedy's familiar "ask not what . . ." sentence. The ideal in that sentence is Service to Country—"what you can do for your country," as opposed to what it can do for you. The implication, as Alsop uses it, is that one is to perform this service to his country *as it now is*. That is very much a Washington Establishment notion of idealism! The

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model is the service of soldiers in wartime, in which young men risk their lives, and many die, doing what those in authority say they must do for their country's defense. In the right setting that can be a high and honorable ideal, and one which I agree with Alsop is not sufficiently appreciated by today's young, trained in the atmosphere of disparagement of the nation, rejection of authority, and disapproval of the current war. But it is only one among many ideals; it is an ideal with a particularly dangerous moral twist in it; and like all ideals it has its underside, its particular relation more to some social classes than to others.

This patriotic-conservative ideal (Ask what you can do not for humankind or citizens of other places but for your country, and not to change or improve your country but to serve it as it is) is particularly appropriate to World War II, when the country as it was, unchanged, was to be defended in a ferocious struggle, and when to defend our country was also to serve other peoples and to defend the higher purposes of a particular kind of civilization. But it is to be doubted that that kind of moral interpretation should be transferred intact from the forties to the seventies. One aspect of the parochialism of Alsop and some other older powers in Washington who now look askance at McGovern and company is the parochialism of the decades: they are locked into the outlook of the forties. Some people may be able to extend the moral interpretation of America's "World Responsibility" from World War II through the shaping of the Cold War all the way down to war in Vietnam, but at the very least one ought to grant that there is another view that has its own moral legitimacy: the view that what "your country" is "asking" you to do for it in Vietnam now is quite different from what it asked in World War II; that what is asked now is unnecessary, inhumane, and cruel, and therefore to be rejected on grounds of the ancient ideal of just conduct and just purpose in warfare, and the simple ideal of humane treatment of one's fellow human beings.

I don't expect Alsop to agree with that view of the Vietnam war, but I expect him to understand that it exists, is sincerely held, is as serious a moral position as his own, and is not be explained away by references to "draft-dodging" and "greed," and the question about how many of the "Ivy League activists opposing the war had actually seen combat." The view of the "greedy," "draft-dodging" young is the equivalent of that old Southern segregationist outlook which saw in the civil rights movement nothing but Northern politicians looking for "the Negro vote."

I said that the "Ask not what your country" kind of idealism has a dangerous moral twist in it. The reason for this is the enormous strength of modern nationalism. Reinhold Niebuhr explained that the strength and danger of a collective egotism, of which modern nationalism is by far the strongest, derived from its compounding of individual altruism with individual egotism. "Americanism" gathers together those sacrificial, idealistic, even heroic motives and actions of soldiers and patriots acting in disregard of self in service of their country, with an egotistic identification with what happens to the country, so that in American "honor" and in America's not being a "pitiful helpless giant" there is an extention of my own touchy ego. These things are compounded, making collective national egotism a very tricky and dubious force in the world as much of America's recent history demonstrates. Mr. Alsop shows no signs of the larger dimension by which this nationalism could be subjected to criticism on the basis of ideals that transcend the nation. But the McGovern young do, and to my mind that is good.

Now about social justice. Alsop writes: "Senator McGovern's domestic programs, notably his $1000-for-everybody plan, are obviously concerned more with 'what your country can do for you' than with 'what you can do for your country.' " To me that seems flatly wrong. McGovern's domestic proposals may be insufficiently thought out (all this has often, alas, been true of expressions of American social idealism in the past). One may disagree with it. A journalist ought to be wary (as Tom Wicker admitted he hadn't been) and expose the deficiencies. One may, as Alsop and many others did, challenge McGovern's *Wall Street Journal* ad that seemed to be waffling. But to suggest that the motive behind it all is mere grubby, "money-slicing" seems to me perverse. Does Alsop think James Tobin and Gary Hart and George McGovern and Ken Galbraith propose a guaranteed annual income because they want that $1000 for themselves? There is a history to these income redistribution plans —a recent history, in which they grew in part out of the deficiencies of the war on poverty and the ideas of humane economists, and a longer history, in which helping the poor and diminishing the inequalities of economic power has been one repeated expression of an American democratic dream. Economic justice is a powerful social ideal, with great appeal to the sorts of young people who support McGovern, and not because they themselves in their "greed" will benefit.

Or is Alsop looking down his nose at the poor people themselves—the blacks, chicanos, Appalachian whites—who will chiefly benefit? Is he disapproving of this vulgar "money-slicing" because it appeals to their supposed "greed"?

My point is this: that whether you share the ideals or not, and whether you think they are intelligently formulated in concrete proposals or not, and howevermuch you may see them to be mixed with other ingredients, you make a very big mistake, sad for our country, if you are unable to see that in the movement that has culminated in the nomination of George McGovern there is a strong and important expression of an historic American moral idealism.

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Strategy for November

McGovern & Company

by Paul R. Wieck

In power-obsessed Washington there has been a lot of talk about where power resides in the revamped McGovern operation. Is it with Larry O'Brien, the "campaign chairman," Gary Hart, the "campaign manager," Frank Mankiewicz, the "campaign director"? These three men, and Jean Westwood, the new national party chairman, are what McGovern calls his "four centers" of power, a formulation designed to dispel any notion that O'Brien, who would have special duties as an emissary to the various party "regulars" (Congress, governors, labor leaders and various campaign committees), would be merely a figurehead, and that he would be taking orders from Gary Hart, the young Denver attorney who signed up early with McGovern and played a major role in putting together the successful campaign for the nomination.

McGovern staff members, eager to avoid the suspicion that there is any jockeying for power, tell you that McGovern himself is running the show, and that "in this campaign, you go to the senator himself." To those who know what a tough, ambitious and independent campaigner McGovern has always been, this seems reasonable enough. None of the four "power centers" is giving all the orders.

A campaign with four centers of power may be the only way for McGovern, given the fact he mobilized new forces within the party to elbow his way past the old politicians who held power for a couple of generations. It was bloodless revolt but it left bruises. If he placed one person over the entire campaign, that one could be immobilized within hours mediating disputes between "regulars" and McGovernites. As it is, each has its advocate within the collective leadership. In turn, McGovern's managers have been instructed to find a place for everyone who wants to help.

The guts of the campaign is still the organization assembled over the last two years and headed up by Hart. It's being restructured a bit at the top with three regional directors (Harold Himmelman in the East, Eli Segal in the middle and Rick Stearns in the West) and its own set of state campaign chairmen. Its instructions have also been rewritten to accommodate the local organizations wherever possible. Basically, the McGovernites will supplement the local party apparatus, such as it is, anywhere the local organization wants to work for McGovern. Thus, in Ohio, it will pitch in to help Gilligan build the kind of liberal party organization he's been working on for several years. As an added enticement, the McGovernites will be available to help local and state tickets wherever they are firmly committed to McGovern. In those states where a local party organization exists only on paper (and this could cover a lot of states) or the regulars and their ticket are keeping McGovern at arm's length, his organization will simply run its own campaign. This includes such sticky situations as Illinois. Because McGovern has at least something going everywhere, he's in a position to run a 50-state campaign.

The strength of McGovern's organization varies from place to place. In primary states including Wisconsin, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Nebraska and California, it has considerable depth. The same is true in such caucus states as Colorado and Minnesota. In others, particularly in the South and sparsely-populated areas of the West, it's probably not very significant. Nor is it as strong in some industrial states—among them Michigan and Pennsylvania—as McGovern might wish. In sheer numbers, it counts somewhere between 100,000 and 250,000 but is growing hourly as hundreds flock to sign up. It's not too much to expect it to grow to at least a million volunteers by election day.

Beyond organization, the two vital areas are registration and financing. Registration will be selective, guided in part by the findings of pollster Pat Caddell, who is sampling the post-convention mood of the electorate to discover unregistered reservoirs of support. Youth and minorities are obvious targets.

Perhaps the greatest challenge of all is financing. In his acceptance speech, McGovern called on one million persons to contribute $25 apiece to the campaign chest. That $25 million, would be the biggest share of the $35 million McGovern's managers say they need. McGovern's direct-mail operation brought in close to $4 million in the primaries, although his candidacy wasn't taken seriously until the final two months. Now he has three months and he's the nominee.

To augment a contributors' list of over 100,000, the McGovernites have asked each of their original donors for 10 new names of persons who might kick in;

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enough new names have already come in to double the mailing list and, early in August, the first appeal for funds will go into the mail. Eventually, the finance office hopes to reach a million potential contributors in this way. The amount the McGovern camp hopes to realize from this mail effort differs according to whom one talks to at headquarters. The usual figure mentioned is $8 to $10 million; however, some very pragmatic fellows over there talk of $16 to $20 million if the drive is pushed aggressively.

McGovern picked up some pluses in Miami Beach. First, there was the self-discipline of his delegates, reassuring to middle Americans led to believe near-riotous conditions would prevail because of the presence of so many "far-out" types. Then, there was the selection of Ms. Westwood as national chairman. She came through as a tough politician who earned her reward by playing the game as well as any man, not as a woman picking up a token title. To many a woman who shys away from her activist sisters but believes a woman should be rewarded according to ability (and almost every woman does), the Westwood appointment is a real asset. The role able women were playing on the floor was also noted. Can the Nixon convention match this? Probably not, given the structure of the GOP. But you can bet that millions of women will be making comparisons.

"Wot De Hell Kind Of Machine Is **Dat***?"*

The same must be true of the black community. Already heavily anti-Nixon, the average black voter couldn't help but be impressed by the evidence of significant black participation in every part of the Miami proceedings. Again, it was a woman who came through best. California's Yvonne Brathwaite Burke was being praised on every side.

Now Gallup reports Nixon has a 19-point lead. It's the same spread he had in 1968 against Humphrey, a lead which dwindled almost to the vanishing point during October.

In talks with McGovern's battle-hardened veterans of the last four or five years, one gets the impression that they know what the odds are and are not frightened by them. They're aware they could lose but are convinced the tide is flowing with them, that they've taken permanent possession of the Democratic Party but may be four years away from the White House. They have no doubt they'll be back in 1976 if they lose this time. They're not terribly concerned about Meany's defection, because they know it would be fatal to their new approach to politics to bow before the image of an aging, cigar-smoking boss who epitomizes the culture of a turn-of-the-century coal mining town in Pennsylvania. In fact, they're not sure the defection of Meany won't help them in middle America. Nor are they all that concerned with the defection of many party bosses (Daley excluded). Running against "the politicians" has become a popular game.

The threat of defections among Catholic and Jewish voters does bother them. It's something the candidate, himself, will have to cope with in the months ahead.

The McGovern organization has made a hard-headed judgment about what is needed in terms of electoral votes. The nine key states are California, Texas, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Michigan and Massachusetts. That's where the bulk of the electoral votes are and, unless a Democrat carries most of them, he doesn't have a chance. The McGovernites are optimistic about California, New York and Massachusetts despite their concentrations of Jewish and Catholic voters. They're concerned about Illinois, Texas and Michigan. They'll fight hard for Ohio, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, where McGovern had exposure in the primaries and did better than anticipated. Beyond that, they're targeting a cluster of farm states (Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Iowa and Missouri), several in the Northeast (Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maryland and West Virginia) and a couple in the Northwest (Oregon and Washington). They see some hopeful signs in places like Arkansas, Georgia and Kentucky and, of course, haven't written off Hawaii, Alaska and Maine. The District of Columbia is taken for granted.

Beyond the organization and financing of the campaign, there's the candidate himself and the tempo he sets. The "George and Eleanor" team will come on

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as an honest, straightforward contrast to "Pat and Dick." Over and over, McGovern is expected to challenge Nixon to disclose the names of those who put $10 million in the kitty before the disclosure law went into effect on April 7, contrasting this secret bounty from the money boys with McGovern's own attempts to finance a campaign with contributions from "the people." Of course Henry Kimmelman and his aides will be working the money boys for $10 million or more for the McGovern effort. All of it will be duly reported.

Eleanor McGovern will be a distinct asset. Like Ms. Westwood and the women working the floor of the convention, Eleanor McGovern came through as "a person" willing to discuss her own views forthrightly. The Pat Nixon who went to Peking and Moscow with her husband was seen as a charming helpmate but didn't once express a solid opinion of her own.

It's too early to deal with the issues in more than a superficial way. They will be refined over the next three months. Up to this point in his political career, McGovern's instincts have been good enough to get him elected four times (twice to the House, twice to the Senate) from a heavily Republican state in the post-World War II era. There are some priority items.

First, the Jewish question must be dealt with. He's accused of being "soft on Israel." Some insist this is just an excuse used by many wealthy Jews upset by the noises McGovern has been making about redistribution of the wealth. It doesn't matter; it must be dealt with between now and November.

Two issues bother many Catholics—abortion and federal aid to parochial schools. Traditionally, McGovern has taken what might be called a "Protestant" view on both—in favor of abortion and against aid to parochial schools. But that may be the majority view in this country; thus, it behooves him to consider the matter carefully before he makes concessions to reclaim a vote which may already be out of reach.

Nor is Vietnam to be ignored. Somehow, someone must dramatize the terrible waste in human and material resources involved in dropping tons of bombs daily on a small country on the other side of the globe.

Finally, there is the question of redistribution of wealth, of welfare and tax reform, of jobs and unemployment. Already, a substantial segment of middle-income voters is uneasy lest McGovern institute programs that would make it even more difficult for them to balance their checkbooks at the end of the month. Perhaps he should start by saying he'll stop present forms of redistributing wealth, which is what every tax loophole really amounts to.

In the final analysis, it's now up to McGovern. The disclosure last week of his running-mate's sessions with psychiatrists in the '60s has had a momentarily depressing effect. But McGovern has the organization; his people are willing to find room for any regular who wants to work; the campaign won't starve. The country is in flux. The next three months will tell us whether or not McGovern is able to pluck the responsive chords.

Running Without George Meany

What Labor Has Against McGovern

by Jerry Wurf

Unable to choose between George McGovern and Richard Nixon, the AFL-CIO Executive Council—the locus of power for 117 unions representing 14 million American workers and their families—has opted to remain neutral. As a member of the 35-member Executive Council and the president of the federation's sixth-largest union, I voted against President Meany's neutrality motion. Only two others voted no—Paul Jennings of the Electrical Workers (IUE) and Al Grospiron of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers (OCAW). Two other council members voted with us on an earlier motion to refer the question to the AFL-CIO General Board, made up of presidents from each union. But George Meany had the votes, as he nearly

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always does at Executive Council sessions.

Several members of the council announced during the meeting that while they were voting with Meany on neutrality for the AFL-CIO, their unions would participate in the McGovern campaign. Floyd Smith, president of the 850,000-member Machinists Union was one, along with Alex Rohan of the Printing Pressmen. Since then, leaders of AFL-CIO unions representing some seven million workers have endorsed or announced plans to endorse McGovern.

The AFL-CIO Executive Council vote reflected a number of things, but most of all the personal loyalties of a majority of the council's 33 vice presidents to the AFL-CIO's strong president for 17 years. Why such profound loyalty?

First, because George Meany has been an extraordinary figure, bringing together two disparate union confederations into one giant and powerful organization which has championed the causes of working people, black and brown Americans, young people and the aged. It has become a bit fashionable to demean Meany for his age and to criticize the federation's hawkish position on the Vietnam war and overlook the constructive role labor has played in the civil rights and social action battles during the past 20 years. Conversely, it becomes harder to defend our labor movement's inflexible view of the developing world and its hard line on foreign policy.

But every union leader and perhaps nearly every union member owes something to George Meany. For without his leadership and that of the others who sided with him, legislation such as the Voting Rights Act and the Civil Rights Act would not have passed and the gifted young blacks and Chicanos and other new faces who dominated the Democratic convention might not have made it there. This opening up of the political processes to the previously dispossessed was the product of legislation and social direction inspired by the Kennedy and Johnson administrations with the cooperation of the AFL-CIO, and George Meany.

On any objective basis, of course, labor would have to view George McGovern as infinitely more desirable than Richard Nixon. The AFL-CIO's own scoreboard, compiled by its Committee on Political Education (COPE), gives McGovern 72 "right" and only 5 "wrong" Senate votes. Two of those "wrong" votes were shared by most liberal senators who voted against the SST and Lockheed bills favored by labor. By contrast, Nixon as a congressman and as vice president had a miserably low score—13 percent "right," during his Senate years—and he has vetoed 15 bills of benefit to workers during the 42 months of his presidency, ranging from funds for public service jobs to the creation of federally supported day care centers.

But objective considerations were not at issue. To be sure, anti-McGovern elements had made a great fuss in Miami Beach over McGovern's "anti-labor" record. A scurrilous "white paper" prepared either by the AFL-CIO's political staff or by Scoop Jackson's campaign staff—each credited the other—anonymously charged that McGovern had been a tool of the big wheat exporters in his opposition to legislation requiring that half of our grain exports be hauled in American ships; that he had double-crossed labor by once voting against the repeal of section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act, which permits state right-to-work laws weakening union security; and that he had been undependable on issues requiring a hard line against communism. But in 1964 the Executive Council endorsed Lyndon Johnson enthusiastically, though his labor record in Congress was, by COPE scoring, only about 60 percent "right," and far inferior to McGovern's performance.

It is not unusual for COPE to support candidates whose records are mediocre to defeat an unfriendly incumbent. For instance, COPE poured money and manpower into Arkansas a few months ago to support David Pryor, a congressman with five "right" and eight "wrong" votes in the 1967-68 Congress, against Senator John McClellan. Nevertheless, between a McGovern who was 95 percent "right" and a Nixon who was 87 percent "wrong," the AFL-CIO took no stand.

The Executive Council vote had more to do with how McGovern won the nomination than with his record before or during the campaign. Since 1948 the unions had nearly always been a major force in the selection of the Democratic nominees and the formulation of the party's platform and campaign strategy. The assumption was that, Chicago and party reforms notwithstanding, it would be that way in 1972. As early as February 1971, shortly after McGovern announced his candidacy, Meany was saying that any of the likely Democratic contenders would be just fine with him. He excepted only George Wallace, whom he condemned as "racist right down to the soles of his feet," and New York's John Lindsay.

Meany can't be faulted for not seriously considering the McGovern candidacy back then. The polls, the columnists and the conventional wisdom wrote him off. A few weeks before the New Hampshire pri-

COMING: will the new youth vote make the difference for McGovern? by Tim O'Brien

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mary, I spent more than an hour with the senator at his home, telling him why he couldn't possibly win the nomination and why my union was, therefore, going for Ed Muskie. When George Meany said months later that he would support McGovern over Nixon, he apparently still didn't think McGovern could make it.

Labor's support for Scoop Jackson was more than self-indulgence. Here was a man who seemed dependable and who used the jargon of the LBJ era—a period many labor leaders regard as a golden age. His candidacy embraced the old trade union liberal values. But Jackson couldn't make it. Meanwhile, George Wallace was eating up labor votes in states like Maryland, Michigan, Pennsylvania and Indiana. There were, as Senator McGovern observed in Miami Beach, "tides of change running across the land." A poll commissioned by our union found working people generally in agreement that "special interests" were in control of the government and that "the average citizen" could do little to change things. McGovern and Wallace were reaching those voters. There's no need to recount the campaign blow-by-blow. The AFL-CIO made its last stand against McGovern in California, pouring all its resources into the Humphrey campaign there. It did a credible job, denying McGovern the wide victory margin the polls predicted.

When we reached Miami Beach, the big question among the McGovernites was "What does George Meany want?" The most idealistic among them seemed ready to compromise, to do their damnedest to appease the labor leaders who had fought them. Meany made no public statements in Miami Beach, and most people assumed that when Al Barkan, COPE's director, or other unnamed "high labor sources" were quoted by reporters they were speaking for the AFL-CIO president. Only I. W. Abel, the president of the Steelworkers, spoke out on the floor for labor against McGovern. He condemned "the hypocrisy of candidates who say they are for the working people" but who voted against repeal of 14(b), and he pleaded for "a candidate who speaks for the vital progresssive center—where the people are." Meany said nothing.

The 14(b) vote, the wheat business, the McGovern stand against the war—all of these were secondary in the AFL-CIO leadership's mounting opposition to McGovern. The real concern was participation and access, the AFL-CIO's vested interest which ignored the rich opportunities for workers and their unions in the more open, "new" party.

When the party began in 1969 to open its doors to new participants, one might have expected labor to be in the forefront of reform—figuring, if nothing else, that the discipline and comparative orderliness inherent in union structures could give unions a leg up in dealing with the new rules. Reform presented an opportunity to say goodbye to the bosses and to mobilize the membership and encourage them to go to the polls and precinct meetings as advocates of change. But George Meany and the AFL-CIO leadership did not participate—although participation was solicited—in the drawing up of the rules for state and national party reform. Perhaps they didn't take them seriously. Some party regulars and no doubt some labor leaders were suspicious that it was all part of a plan by the "new politics" crowd to take over. As a consequence, AFL-CIO leaders and staff found themselves ill-prepared, in early 1972, to cope with what was happening. Labor divided in some states and stayed "uncommitted" in others, but in neither case could the COPE leaders head off the momentum of reform. We had a golden opportunity to bring working families access to power through the Democratic Party—and we blew it.

What does it all mean for labor and for George McGovern? It's silly to pretend that the neutrality decision will have no impact. Neither should it be read as certain doom for George McGovern. Some unions endorsed Nixon and other Republicans in past years, so the announcement this year by a building trades official or a maritime union leader that his organization is supporting Richard Nixon is not surprising. And who is to say what motivated Frank Fitzsimmons of the Teamsters to come out for the Republicans? They supported Nixon over John F. Kennedy. Several unions would have gone for Nixon no matter whom the Democrats nominated.

At the moment, McGovern owes the labor movement nothing. He won the nomination over the opposition of most unions in the primaries, and he survived their spirited if futile attempt to stop him in Miami Beach. Yet many international unions—including the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees—have now endorsed McGovern-Eagleton, and others will be doing so.

McGovern is quoted as saying he's not too concerned about labor leaders in 1972, and maybe he's right not to be—but I don't think so. One of his campaign aides even said that an endorsement from George Meany could be damaging. That doesn't make sense; anything short of all-out war on Richard Nixon by labor benefits Richard Nixon.

Still, this is supposed to be the year of the independent voter, the year for union members to ignore leaders who would deliver them somewhere. Through some sort of Labor for McGovern mechanism, through hard work at the local level to locate and appeal to working people—and most especially through the senator's basic understanding of the discontent and the problems besetting wage-earning Americans, I believe George McGovern can defeat Richard Nixon and begin to set things right once again in America.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Fair To Meddling

The Candidate (Warner Bros.). I came back from abroad to find one magazine's weekly list warning me against this political film, because the star, Robert Redford, has a likeness to the Kennedy brothers that is vulgarly exploited. I can't see why Redford suggests the Kennedys any more than he suggests John Lindsay or John Tunney. The character is modeled, not on individuals, I would say, but on the new political persona of the '60s: slim, sexy, smartly dressed, intelligently humorous, socially concerned and philosophically bland, young in feeling if not in fact. Why in the world shouldn't this American phenomenon, of which there are certainly more examples, be treated in American film?

It would be a small pity if this picture were ignored. The script is by Jeremy Larner, a novelist, a contributor to *Dissent*, and a man with experience of politicking. The director is Michael Ritchie, out of TV, whose first film was *The Downhill Racer* (with Redford). Ritchie has skill, if not much flavor. There are too many predictable strophes in the camera movement and composition, particularly in the crowd scenes, but on the whole the picture is seen neatly and assembled briskly. It's fast and hip without bragging too much about it.

Redford is a California lawyer, rich but working for the poor, son of a former governor, who is invited by the Democratic Party to run for senator against the white-haired incumbent. The campaign manager—Peter Boyle of *Joe*, who is nice and quiet—tells Redford his job is to lose; the party simply needs a lamb for this particular slaughter. What Redford will get out of it personally is some publicity and a lift in his career. They hire a TV-spot producer, Allen Garfield, that comic white grub, and what happens is unforeseen—by everyone but us: Redford's personality begins to catch on and, as a personality, he gets elected. The last line of the film, which he speaks to Boyle after he gets the news, is: "What do we do now?"

Most of the performers are adequate, including Melvyn Douglas as the grudgingly helpful pa, and there is a good textural feel in the picture, particularly in Ritchie's contrasts with coarse-grained TV clips. Peripheral characters are used amusingly, particularly one of those girls who gets turned on by good-looking politicians and who pursues Redford tactfully until, we infer, she gets what she wants.

The Candidate has only one important trouble, but it's a big one. It verges on the superfluous. After all the books about making and selling presidents, all the inside views in press and on TV, can there be anyone left in this country who does *not* know that large-scale electoral success in this country is dependent on personality and money and advertising skill, not on political conviction or statesmanly ability? All through *The Candidate* we keep thinking, "Yes, that's how it is, all right." It is never boring, but it is never enlarging, informationally or emotionally or thematically.

And it spotlights a vacancy. Political film usually means film about elections. We very, very rarely get a film about a man or woman actually working in government. We get party bossing (*The Last Hurrah*) or comic grafting (*The Great McGinty*) but almost never a film about a person working in politics as a doctor works in medicine. The last one I can remember was British: *No Love for Johnnie* (1961) with Peter Finch. Law-enforcing, for much too obvious reasons, is incessantly treated; law-making, equally subject to human foible and infinitely more important, almost never.

Still, *The Candidate* is decent entertainment.

Deliverance (Warner Bros.). On the second try, I managed to get through James Dickey's novel and wasn't particularly glad that I had bothered. The occasional glints in the prose didn't compensate for the labor of plodding after the parable. I kept thinking of Borges and his library of comment on unwritten books. If you can summarize the book very adequately in a paragraph, why bother to write it? Or read it?

The film, with screenplay by Dickey, is considerably worse. The novel takes us on a familiar journey through the thin ice of civilization to the dangerous black waters beneath—dangers from nature and from primitive man. The film starts out with heavy emphasis on nature, on its hidden savagery, and the despoilment of nature by technology. The first thing we see is a lumpy editorial, intercuts of bulldozers and sylvan beauty. But the only real drama comes from the encounter with the two bestial mountaineers, who would have been what they are if bulldozers had never been invented. The four city men who foolhardily embark down a rushing river in two canoes and are warned against Ol' Man River could have had the same basic trouble on a highway in two cars if they had camped for the night.

Beyond the unfulfilled theme, the moral parallelisms of the script are intolerable. Burt Reynolds, who looks like

(continued on page 35)

Films Worth Seeing

Cabaret. Isherwood's Berlin in its latest, film-musical form. Bob Fosse supplies more clever direction than political or human insight, but it *is* smartly done.

A Day in the Death of Joe Egg. You probably won't go because it's about a young English couple with a spastic child, but you'll be missing a film that, though faulty, has wit, verve, and sex, as well as some pathos.

The Hospital. Paddy Chayefsky's guts are like his talent—middling. So is this script. But George C. Scott shivers this story of a harassed New York hospital chief with his guts *and* talent.

Malcolm X. A documentary, adequately made, that derives considerable force from the still-electric power of its subject.

La Salamandre. A subtle and troubling film about two TV documentary writers and the working-class girl who is their subject. The director is Alain Tanner, a Swiss newcomer.

The Sorrow and the Pity. An unforgettable documentary, made with mastery, about occupied France and some survivors. Four and a half fascinating hours.

Tokyo Story. A masterpiece: about a Japanese couple in a small town who go to visit their married children in Tokyo. But, inevitably, it is about the passage of life anywhere, everywhere.

SK

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Frank Levy on TV

In Defense of Prejudice . . .

This fall "All in the Family" will begin its third season on CBS. From the initially low ratings it received when it was first aired in January 1971, the program has reached the number one slot in the Nielsen ratings. During peak season between 50 and 60 million Americans, or approximately 60 percent of all television sets, will be tuned to it on Saturday night.

While such popularity is not entirely extraordinary for prime time television comedy, some of its subject matter is. The Bunker family around which the show is based are lower middle class and live near Northern Boulevard in Queens. As if to place Archie Bunker in his particular milieu immediately while capsulizing the experience of the white blue-collar worker, every program begins with a shot of New York skyscrapers followed by a pan to the rows of wooden frame houses amongst which the Bunkers live (all to the tune of "Those Were the Days . . ."). Archie Bunker (Carroll O'Connor) hates Jews, blacks, Poles, Puerto Ricans, hippies, liberal apologists and atheists. Early programs created quite a sensation when he returned home from work complaining about "dagos," "spics," "gooks" and "hebes" and inadvertently bringing up the issues of homosexuality, women's liberation and job discrimination.

Sammy Davis, Jr. who himself has appeared on "All in the Family" is said to enjoy it so much that he has moved his nightclub schedule up from eight to eight-thirty so as not to miss a program. And though Roy Wilkins of the NAACP finds nothing wrong with it, both Carroll O'Connor and the show's producer Norman Lear (also the producer of "Sanford and Son") argue for the show's revolutionary place in television history, pointing to the fact that "All in the Family" allows the American public to laugh at itself, to face up to its prejudices and problems. In a recent article in *The New York Times Magazine* Arnold Hano praised the show for allowing America to "come face to face with itself," and for providing a moment of reality apart from the "comic-book" fantasy land distortions of "Bonanza," "Ironside," or "The FBI."

But "All in the Family" is not without its critics. Laura Z. Hobson, the author of *Gentleman's Agreement*, lashed out at it in *The New York Times*. The late Whitney Young found it "tasteless." Black comedian Bill Cosby and black psychiatrist Alvin Poussaint have both been frequent and vocal opponents. In the June issue of *Ebony* Charles L. Sanders doubted the program's ability to reform bigots, and suggested that "All in the Family" might produce "self-hatred" and a desire to "whitenize" in black children. But actually the most telling criticism of the program comes from a look at the 1972 Simmons survey which unlike the Nielsen distinguishes between white and nonwhite audiences. While the Simmons poll shows that 20.8 percent of all white males may watch the program on a given Saturday night (which means it is topped only by "Gunsmoke"), it is watched by only 8.3 percent of the nonwhite male population putting it in 29th ranking. In other words, proportionately twice as many whites watch the program as blacks. For all its controversiality of subject matter, its supposedly satirical treatment of prejudice, "All in the Family" creates comparatively little interest amongst those sectors of the population it should satisfy most. Ninety-five percent of "All in the Family's" audience is white, a disproportionate figure that is not entirely surprising when one takes a closer look at some of last year's programs currently being aired as reruns.

In one episode Archie is forced to lay off one of his subordinates. The choice is between an ineffectual white worker, a black man and little Manuel, a Puerto Rican who is the best worker on the job. Because Puerto Ricans are in a minority at the plant, Manuel is the safest choice for firing and a short while later he comes over to find out what he had done wrong. Suddenly the scene is interrupted by wife-Edith's nephew, an insurance salesman who has come by to tell Archie his insurance has been "economically terminated." When Archie asks if this means "cancelled," the nephew replies no, Archie is simply a victim of "area displacement." So the insurance man leaves, Archie goes back into the kitchen where Manuel is waiting and tells him he didn't lose his job, it was "unfortunately terminated."

By moving away from the primary problem of discrimination in hiring and firing, the program ends by focusing almost entirely on Archie's problems. Archie who initially fires Manuel becomes himself a victim. At the end Manuel leaves roaring with laughter over the amount of work Archie is going to have to do because of the diminished manpower.

The same technique of "reversal" is evident in another episode in which Archie, who moonlights, picks Sammy Davis, Jr. up in his cab. Though Archie does a poor job concealing his prejudices, Davis and step-son Mike mount a verbal attack that eventually succeeds in turning all our sympathies back to Archie. When Archie asks Davis to sing a song, Mike asks him, "how would you like to be a guest in someone's house and someone asks you to do some lifting and packing?" Later Mike points out to Sammy that Archie isn't so bad, "he wouldn't burn a cross on your lawn." Sammy replies, "but he'd roast a marshmallow on it." And so on. Archie is made the butt of almost every joke by the liberal son-in-law and the well-dressed entertainer, but the result is that the original problem of his prejudices is all but lost. Rather than *satirizing* his prejudices the episode, like the one with little Manuel, ends by making him into a lovable victim. And what "All in the Family" manages to assert, in so doing, is that the white middle class faces more serious problems than those of the black or Puerto Rican minorities. The distortion is almost as bad as saying whites have no problems at all.

Commenting recently on the effect of "All in the Family" on its audience, O'Connor remarked:

> . . . our intention is not to make the racist laugh and enjoy himself. Our intention is to show him just what he is. Of course, whether he does laugh at that or whether he shrinks from it we cannot foretell. We cannot predict. . . . All we can do is show him honestly what he is doing and let the chips fall where they may.

But such objectivity is rather limited. While showing Archie as he is, the program steadfastly avoids those he comes into contact with as "they really are." Little Manuel happily romps off stage laughing at Archie's plight, and seemingly impervious to his own unemployment. In the episode with Sammy Davis, the consequences of bigotry and preju-

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dice are similarly avoided by making Archie the victim of an attack. In another episode dealing with surveillance and the right to privacy, the whole problem is effectively dissipated when it turns out that the FBI had made a mistake. The resulting ambiguity of intention, which seems to characterize these episodes, has in fact allowed many of the program's viewers to write letters in to CBS in praise of Archie's positions, clearly indicating that the pleasure the program provides is not only in removing the sting of many vital issues, but in effectively distorting and finally escaping them entirely.

Some of the deficiencies of "All in the Family" are partially explained by the nature of commercial television itself. As Russell Nye points out in his book on popular entertainment in America, *The Unembarrassed Muse*, programs which require too much thought distract from the sponsor's message. Making issues ambiguous and homogenized is one way of avoiding material that is too dangerous. The original BBC "Till Death Do Us Part" on which "All in the Family" is modeled was aired only 24 times in three years. The kind of bitter satire it portrayed was too painful to be shown every week. But "All in the Family" is bound to play every week, and must not discomfit its audience enough to distract them from the products to be sold. To assert, as the program's apologists do, that "All in the Family" is satire like "Till Death Do Us Part" is plainly to misunderstand what satire is. The kind of laughter which Bergson once described as "froth with a saline base" can hardly rivet 60 million people to the television set Saturday nights.

This is not to criticize the escape that situation comedy provides. Laughter for its own sake is an important part of television. Great comedians like Abbot and Costello, Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, all steadfastly avoided politics or social reality of any kind. Where "All in the Family" differs from the tradition of television comedy or situation comedy is that it *purports* to deal with reality satirically. And what is reprehensible is that by taking real issues and extirpating all evidence of cruelty or consequence "All in the Family" essentially indoctrinates its 60 million viewers to believe they don't exist. Archie, unlike his precursor on the BBC, Alf Garnett, is no grotesque exaggeration, but a rather effective apologist for bigotry and reaction. Rather than allowing the American public to hold a mirror up to itself, "All in the Family" does just the opposite. Its pleasure comes primarily from producing forgetfulness, encouraging the hope that racism, welfare or discrimination don't really exist and that the major problems of contemporary American society are the fantastical conjurings of "malcontents," "hopheads," "libs," "pinkos" and "eggheads."

Kenneth Evett on art

The French Connection

It is an accepted belief of contemporary American mythology that the art center of the cosmos moved from Paris to New York City about 20 years ago. On a recent visit to the former center, I decided to observe the effect of that shift on a vital sector of Parisian art life, the Left Bank galleries situated on or near the Rue de Seine and Rue Jacob. That ancient, dense and radical part of town provides a welcome contrast to the grand geometric spaces across the river. It abounds in book stores, antique shops filled with desirable artifacts and likable fakes from everywhere, and small street-level galleries, where the offerings are also international and geared to the French taste for the exotic. Most of the conventional processes generated by the modern movement are represented there in varying degrees of authority. As in New York, Dada and Surrealism still provide the way for the release of anti-art impulses, the creation of witty inventions, the evocation of terrible modern spectres, the revelation of sexual fantasies, and the design of chic decor. Also there are still plenty of quasi-cubist abstractions hanging about. Assemblage, found-object constructions, sentimental landscapes, half-baked abstract expressionist gestures, Baconesque images of pain and lust, and the usual serial and minimal moves of the international art scene are on hand. All this is familiar enough. In both cities the drive toward innovation and the achievement of a unique personal style, no matter how minor the variant, is strong, and results in a wide range of imagery.

Though at first glance there seems little to distinguish the old art capital from the new, important differences do exist between modern French and American painting. These are vaguely evident in the Left Bank galleries, but are clearly brought into focus at the grandiose and slightly grubby Musée National d'Art Moderne, where recent contemporary works from the two countries are displayed in adjacent rooms. To my American eye most French painting of recent years seems tame and ornamental. From Soulages, Fautrier and Mathieu on down it is distinguished by handsome but perfunctory good taste. In color, imagery and structure, a predictable finesse prevails as compared with the refreshing energy, risk-taking and freedom of American painting. Unburdened by the cultural advantages of the French, we have felt free to try new ways, and so far French efforts to civilize American innovation seem to have been ineffectual. Certainly the French haven't produced anything quite like Frank Keinholz' wicked and lacerating vision of a room filled with satiric sexual symbols, old clothes and baleful furniture which now sits in the Musée National, sending out waves of influence all over Europe. Although the French invented Salon painting, that grand gesture of scale, we have taken it over, leaving them to work in a modest dimension that seems primarily geared to the banal proportions of the middle-class apartments that have proliferated all over Paris in recent years. There are exceptions of course, but it strikes me that American artists have made an issue of scale as an important esthetic problem, and that awareness adds range and focus to American work. In any case, it is evident on the Rue de Seine that the esthetic energies that flowed across the Atlantic from Paris in the early part of the century have since been used, modified, infused with new life and sent back again across the waves. The full effect of that reciprocity remains to be seen.

One evidence of this trans-Atlantic exchange was the Mark Rothko retrospective at the Musée National. The exhibition had the form and character of a tragic autobiography. Chronologically arranged, the display began with small paintings derived from cubist and surrealist sources, soon progressed to complex, frontal, rectilinear abstractions,

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then proceeded to a group of large multicolored paintings done in his characteristic laterally segmented style. Then followed with ominous force a great gallery filled with red, orange, dried-blood red and dull purple paintings of rudimentary structure and limited ranges of value and intensity. The exhibition ended in a small room, the walls covered with paintings consisting of two horizontal segments, one black, one grey—landscapes of death. The relentless progress toward that final resolution seemed the inevitable fulfillment of Rothko's creative march. The implicit extension of that drive toward pure reductive simplicity or mystic wholeness leads eventually to paintings of uniform tone, then an unprimed canvas, and at last no canvas at all—nothing. I recognize the logical attraction of such a progression, am aware of the appeal of its puritanic simplicity and clear-cut existential options, but find that direction a bore.

In his preface to the second edition of "The Golden Bowl," Henry James writes "the painter of the picture can never be responsible *enough* for every inch of his surface." Rothko was indeed responsible for his surfaces, and for other basic haptic aspects of painting as well. He knew about up-down, left-right, hard-soft, near-far and the emotional content of color. His paintings offer themselves with forthright immediacy. However, it seems to me that these abstract concerns are properly the beginning rather than the end of painting. In his preface James goes on to speak of his own urge "toward the point of view that, within the compass, will give me most, instead of least to answer for"; and later on he says, "No refinement of ingenuity or of precaution need be dreamed of as wasted in that most exquisite of all good causes, the appeal to variety, the appeal to incalculability, the appeal to high refinement and handsome wholeness of effect." This aspiring concept of the potential of art is obviously contrary to the testimony of Rothko's exhibition. I quote it as a useful affirmation of a different—and in my opinion crucially different—esthetic view. In his drive toward an art of pure essence Rothko has defined the existential drama of his life, but he has in effect also borne witness to the common current belief that the art of painting is dead.

Coincidental with the Rothko exhibition was a show by Pierre Lesieur at the Gallerie Coard. Lesieur, now in his 50s and at the peak of his career, is a painter of Jamesian "high refinement and handsome wholeness of effect." In formal terms, he and Rothko have much in common. Both have a classic bias. Both establish arbitrary and emotionally geared color programs at the outset. Both use the same simple, frontal, rectangular segmentation. Both orient their rhythms to the flat plane of the canvas. Both paint big pictures, though Lesieur also paints little pictures. Beyond that, they differ profoundly. Lesieur is a traditional French painter. He lives the life of the eye. He responds to the visual excitements of the world about him, whether the exotic sights of North Africa or the visual opulence of his mundane surroundings. In a line of direct continuity, he has learned from his immediate predecessors, Bonnard, Matisse and Dubuffet. Firmly established in his physical environment and cultural milieu, he has attained the authority of a completely individual and authentic style. In his hands, the ambiguous interplay of recognizable imagery and abstraction, of surface and depth, the conventional concerns of 20th century painting, seem invested with new life. To achieve this, Lesieur has evolved a technique of great complexity and deceptive Mozartian ease. Zany-looking washes, random squiggles, scratches and impasto fragments animate his surfaces, yet under his sensitive control all play their just iconographic and spatial roles. To come upon such artful, abundant, light-filled and joyful painting in the cold gloom of a Parisian spring was a revelation of pleasure. As a matter of course the exhibition was sold out, and unfortunately for us Americans all four large-scale paintings, including two wonderful light-toned pictures of the walls, mirrors, model and light of his studio went to European collections. However, Lesieur has the resources to paint more and equally good paintings as long as he lives. I hope that eventually some American museum will have the in-

Country Of Summer

When it is morning and the woodpecker knocks
For autumn, a hen-pheasant warning them
Walks her chicks through the grass;
Sun pricks the leaf edge, a bare hill is shining,
With scatter of dew drops, morning will pass.

Leaping early shadows a boy runs seaward
Up to the dune where he stands alone.
Beneath him the pale beach, around him wide
Blue in cold color fills the horizon,
Covers a skyline, distant, unknown.

Searching, remembering, what is he seeing?
A sail in the offing, a waterpath of wind;
This is his moment to fix in possession
His country of summer, delight and domain,
To fold against winter in the map of his mind.

Here are the marks of time's measure;
Shells and stones of childhood, and childhood's quest;
Remains of a fortress, abandoned, scattered.
Today the sea alone is his reach of adventure,
Plunge into depth and mount the rushing crest.

Above the dune light is spreading,
Day advances, wings swing wide,
The sky will change, a last look holds him,
Blue wall of sea rises before him,
Waves of yesterday go out with the tide.

KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

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sight to bring his work to this country. We could use some of that authentic French *joie de vivre*.

A Japanese painter told me recently that advanced artists in Tokyo learn of the latest New York art moves within hours of their inauguration. I believe this; there is no doubt that New York is the center for generating and marketing current esthetic ideas and products, and for those who enjoy that kind of action, well and good. But at another level of culture, where the pace is slower, where continuity, a sense of place and individual identity are important, where the old art of painting is still practiced, there will be artists like Pierre Lesieur who will have something to say to us—no matter where the art center of the world happens to be.

The "New Democracy" Goes Downhill

Greece Under Military Rule

edited by Richard Clogg and George Yannopoulos

(Basic Books; $8.95)

This collection of essays attempts to get at the underpinnings of the repugnant Greek regime, and in the process describes new and disastrous currents which threaten to tear the country apart. The book serves a particularly useful purpose by raising the question of the regime's ideological framework and thereby putting to rest the absurd theory advanced by the US government that the rule of the colonels is not in fact a repressive dictatorship, but rather represents a neopopulist revolution of Mediterranean stripe.

From its inception in April 1967, the repressive political activities of the regime were cloaked in obscure rhetoric, exemplified by such slogans as "Greece of the Christian Greeks," "Halt or I shoot" (the catch word of the coup), and in Colonel Papadopoulos' own nonsensical ramblings to his subjects: "Philosophize. Philosophize as Greeks on behalf of mankind and develop your mental activity in the field in which the world-wide effort of the society of mankind must follow. . . ."

Behind this odd, disjointed talk Richard Clogg perceives a sort of ideological frame, which ties the colonels back to the former Greek dictator Metaxas, under whose rule most of the military rulers grew up. Recurrent strands to their political theory run something like this: The April coup was a "historic necessity," if Greeks were to be reeducated politically, free themselves of the rotten "worm of egocentricity" and become "social beings" in the "New Democracy." (The colonels revived Trujillo's old slogan.) Parliamentary democracy was a "sick man" throughout the west, and the "New Democracy," never defined, would replace it.

The army was essential to establishing the preconditions for the New Democracy because it was attached to the traditional views of "Helleno-Christian civilization" as opposed to the Pan-Slav communism. The people were incapable of interpreting the will of the nation through elections because they were manipulated by dark forces.

At first the regime said it came to power to prevent a Communist takeover, but later Papadopoulos said, "Greeks cannot believe in Communism," and on another occasion, "we had but few Communists in our country." The regime thereupon set about fending off "western neo-anarchism," best represented by universities corrupted by "free love, intemperate sexuality . . . sexual crimes, pornography, blue films, homosexuality, and hippyism." Long hair was a sign of nihilism. When a Greek magazine pointed out that some of the ancient worthies were homosexual, Colonel Ladas went over and personally beat up the editor.

The colonels on occasion came off as populists, self-described children of "working people." It was said, "they know the taste of sweat." Rodger Davies, deputy assistant secretary of State, told a senate subcommittee the Greek regime was "country-oriented," and had undertaken reforms of an egalitarian nature "which have been welcomed in rural communities." But he couldn't remember any specific reforms save for the reduction of funeral fees. In fact, the regime offered workers and peasants little save easing entry into the baking trades and taxi driving. They made rural life worse by stopping the program of land consolidation aimed at making agriculture more viable, and eliminating economic incentives to lure investment to poor country areas; they also removed farmers and workers from control of their own unions and co-ops.

If the populist pretensions are largely rhetoric, the regime does not fit a classic fascist model either. Unlike the fascist governments of Italy and Germany, the Greek colonels have no mass following. They have not sought to channel private industry in the national interest; they allow key industry to remain under foreign control and permit liberal exportation of profits. They talk nationalism, but in practice were quick to compromise with Turkey over Cyprus and abandoned claims to southern Albania. And they have pampered the economic oligarchy of the country with tax and other incentives.

The colonels also have been likened to Nasserists, but they explicitly denied any similarity. Their coup had no class orientation. Papadopoulos said the "revolution" was not "a movement of individuals, or groups or social classes. It was a national uprising."

Clogg argues that the military rulers are chiefly indebted in their ideas and actions to the former dictator Metaxas.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

FRANK LEVY *is a graduate student at the Yale Drama School.* KENNETH EVETT *teaches in the college of architecture, art and planning at Cornell University.* KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN'S *most recent volume of poetry is entitled* The Other Journey. JAMES RIDGEWAY, *a former associate editor of* NR, *is the author of* The Politics of Ecology. KARL SHAPIRO'S *latest book is a novel entitled* Edsel. PETER CAWS *is in France, on leave from Hunter College.*

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They share his obsession for combatting the purported selfish individualism of the Greeks. Like the colonels, the dictator had urged a sublimation "of our appetites, of our passions and of our overweening egoism before the totality of the national interest." He had the same messianic nationalism and fear of "atheism, materialism, naked violence and immorality." Like the colonels Metaxas seized power to clean up the mess created by the politicians. In this light, the Greek government bears striking similarity to the old dictatorships of Latin America and the Near East.

John Pesmazoglu, a respected economist and former deputy governor of the Bank of Greece, suggests (in his contribution to the volume, an essay entitled "The Greek Economy Since 1967") what this return to backward dictatorship has meant so far and will mean over the long run. Briefly, the reversal of previous policies aimed at bolstering development of the impoverished countryside has meant mass emigration of peasants from the countryside to the cities as the per capita income from agriculture has declined. At the same time the rate of industrial growth has been substantially reduced. Export earnings have declined. The situation has worsened as more money has been funneled to the army on which the junta's power is based, and into sporting events, offered up as a palliative for political repression. Expenditures for health, education and social services have been reduced.

To meet growing financial problems, the government has turned to short-term borrowings in international markets. These have been secured at high interest rates and will, thinks Pesmazoglu, merely worsen the government's position in the long run. Efforts to lure multinational corporations such as Litton to carry out economic development schemes have collapsed. In a desperate effort to spur investment the regime has reduced taxes on wealthy persons, cutting down the dividend rates and easing taxes on ship profits, while at the same time increasing tax exemptions for ship owners. Since the coup, tonnage carried on Greek ships has increased substantially, while the tax revenues collected have declined by two-thirds.

The economic situation, charted by Pesmazoglu, is potentially disastrous, widening the gap between city and country, between Athenian ruling oligarchy and the agricultural peasants, pressing more people into the cities where the economy cannot support them. The purpose of the society more and more becomes the proliferation of a Greek army, built in imitation of the US machine. That coincides with US policy, which seems aimed at preserving Greece and its army as a military base at the eastern end of the Mediterranean.

This book suggests that the junta's policies can very well produce the conditions for real revolution. Meanwhile it should be noted that Pesmazoglu, after writing his essay, was banished to a desolate village in Macedonia because he refused to shut up and cooperate with the regime.

James Ridgeway

Summer Schedule

During the summer months, The New Republic does not appear on July 29
August 12 August 26
Weekly publication resumes with the issue dated September 2

In Brief

Afternoon on the Potomac by Roy Jenkins

(Yale University Press; $3.95)

Jenkins' title is not a thesis but a coy little question half-formed in three slender lectures which he delivered last fall at Yale. Like most foreign interlopers, he twits America for Woodrow Wilson, globalism, naiveté and the pride which goeth before a Vietnam. Jenkins has better credentials than most interlopers: he is a former Chancellor of the Exchequer, Labour Party rebel, historian and lucid don-of-all-trades. He can sympathize more than most interlopers, too, and is full of post-imperial sagacity as he wryly invites America to take its place *primus inter pares* in the brotherhood of fallen world powers. But in 60 pages of big margins and big type he's not able to go much beyond a certain banal elegance. The first lecture, a stroll through American history, is so

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Flying First Class

Between the first martini and the wine
A thousand flying-miles
Over the Nevada Flats or Great Salt Lake
Or only a dirty tablecloth of sky,
A navigational turn, the wormy trails above;
Soon it will be time to dine,
With the clocks wrong among the well-set smiles
Of stewardesses leisurely and ripe.
—*In first class you can smoke your English pipe.*

A gilded drawing of the astrolabe
Brightens the wall of the latrine,
Making me think of that Arabian sage
And Chaucer of a greener age.

The stethoscope pumps music in my ears,
And now they drop a movie screen.

The aluminum wing, the plastic seats, the roar,
The well-dressed heads, perhaps the really rich,
All of us in the friendly arms of kitsch,
Billows of passion—a thunderhead below!
Beef Teriaki, Caesar Salad Bowl,
Coursing the aureole,
We dream, we worry and we itch.

I see her carving meat across the aisle:
"How do you like your Chateau?"
Pouring French wine, inferior
But with a famous label.

I settle down behind my let-down table
And get three slices of the pink Chateau,
Wishing I wouldn't think of that Chateaubriand
Whose Atala poisoned herself
For faith, not love,
On the Mississippi where it glints below
Between twin cities of oil and grime;
Better to drift, better to thumb your *Time*.

Fiesta Fruit Plate, coffee, B & B,
Arching from San Francisco to the utmost coasts
In variably empty sky,
Hung there invisibly
For banal destinations on the earth
Saturated with all the modern wrongs,
Mal du siècle, the sickness of the age
That God and man and history have wrought.

"Be careful," says the stewardess, "it's hot!",
Handing the small hot towels out on tongs.

KARL SHAPIRO

shallow that it is embarrassing, and only when it turns to the collapse of the Bretton Woods system and the shift in the monetary balance of power does the book inform as well as entertain.

The slight gist of Jenkins' musings is that after Vietnam America's great-power mettle will be tested in tricky ways. He sees America itching for isolation and imagines that only fabulous self-control will defeat its primordial urge for Harding and normalcy. He does not take into account the calculated Realpolitik Nixon and Kissinger have been bent on plying in the last few months, which could make almost anyone nostalgic for Wilson or Harding.

Jenkins claims it will be harder for America than for Britain to shuck off the imperial coil. Inflation and unemployment made mock of British pretensions to great-power status, and forced them to give up their "special relationship" with America and with the Commonwealth for a "special relationship" with Europe. He believes his country no longer has the economic resources or the national resilience to act even as a bridge between the two Atlantic powers, and must now keep faith with its future partners in Brussels. "The easiest and most pointless of national exercises today is that of clinging portentously to the shadow of sovereignty while its substance is allowed to fly quietly out the window."

The more limited retrenchment of the United States, he argues, will take more self-discipline than Britain's complete retreat to the "second rank." At first blush this sounds dead wrong. America can disengage from Vietnam, for instance, with far more ease than Britain can disengage from Ireland. It need not efface itself in Brussels or turn into a "post-imperial Spain." What Jenkins may be trying to say, though, is that no one knows how far America should disengage from Europe or even what American disengagement might mean.

Because Jenkins exaggerates the isolationist ennui in Washington, he does not appreciate how ill-prepared we are to be equal partners with our unanchored satellites. The Marshall Plan generation has now retired, and our new foreign policy elite faces a revived Western Europe: not an inchoate Europe but "the Community," as rich as America, perhaps richer in domestic tranquility. It was the community's new collective freedom of maneuver that checked Connally's bluster, routed the new surcharges and forced Nixon to devalue. Almost as disturbing to the

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administration has been the *Ostpolitik* of Willy Brandt, not just exploiting but mediating the bipolar fracture between East and West. Over the protests of the McCloys and Clays, the Bonn regime decided on its own to become the architect of a new balance of power. NATO as a physical presence is real enough, but it is a political vacuum into which the community has moved.

It is wrong, though, to assume with Jenkins a glorious return of Europe to the world stage. The revived community shares with the United States much the same malaise, the same paralysis of the will. However sharp the agonies of race and Vietnam here, they seem no worse than the nervous breakdown in France in 1968. Germany is frustrated and divided, Italy has been paralyzed by extremist factions through most of the '60s and the United Kingdom looks ready to be dissolved into a number of "little Englands." All the Western bourgeois democracies seem to be reaching the end of their liberal tether.

Jenkins does not ask whether an "afternoon on the Potomac" might not dim his brave new multi-polar world. What America and Europe both need is not retrenchment but foreign policies with moral purpose: a concert of great powers to keep world trade open and to pool developmental aid.

Report to the Commissioner by James Mills

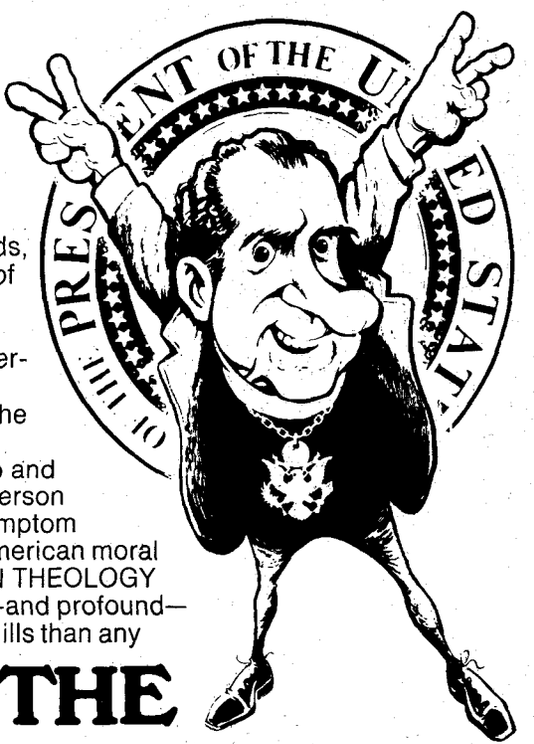
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $6.95)

At first glance another cops-and-thugs story. James Mills' reportorial gifts (*The Prosecutor* and *The Panic in Needle Park*), good as they are, don't quite prepare us for this uncommonly skillful first novel. His gimmick is to unfold the narrative piecemeal from the several perspectives of the principal actors in the form of transcripts of tapes made during various interrogations. An investigation has been conducted, and the novel is the "report" of its progress to the police commissioner—with the difference that as a guarantee against its suppression it has been handed over to an investigative reporter by a disaffected detective.

An undercover narcotics-squad detective (who just happens to be a beautiful 22-year-old blonde) has been killed, accidentally; her killer (and the novel's protagonist) is another undercover detective who, before the tapes have begun to unwind, has committed suicide in his cell. Longley is a college boy, even a longhair, anything but a cop at heart: gentle, almost softhearted, intelligent, introspective. We know from early on that these qualities will be his undoing; so does his mentor, a hardbitten black detective who knows in his bones and pigment all there is to know about the way things are in the jungle of midtown Manhattan.

This is what Longley learns: that motives, including his own, are of their nature impure and ambiguous; that in a half-world—ours—divided into "us" and "them," he is in some ways closer to the black drug-dealer and pimp whom he shot at in accidentally killing the girl than he is to the dealers and manipulators who wear gold braid and wield power. What must be at all costs kept from the commissioner, press and

God is an American and Nixon is his prophet.



Blasphemous as it sounds, it is the unspoken belief of many Americans, says theologian Charles P. Henderson, Jr. This lingering "God's on our side" attitude is what permits the President to pursue his policies of brinkmanship and the grand gesture. Henderson thus views Nixon as a symptom rather than a cause of American moral imperialism. THE NIXON THEOLOGY is a far more disturbing—and profound—appraisal of our political ills than any pseudo-psycho-analytical condemnation of "Tricky Dickie." $6.95

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by Charles P. Henderson, Jr.

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public is that the girl had been killed in the line of "duty"—that is, while shacked up with the black dealer in an attempt to entrap him.

All the elements are familiar-to-threadbare. What makes Mills' novel fresh and arresting are the smack and sting of authenticity abetted by a virtuoso's ear and eye; the illusion that we are not in a studio, but *there* on the streets, where virtue almost never wins out, even if one knew how to identify it.

A Daughter of Zion
by Rodello Hunter

(Knopf; $6.95)

Don't look for big effects in this diary-like account of drab daily life in a Mormon community in Utah. Instead listen to Sister Hunter's voice as it runs on nonstop and free-form. Above all else Sister Hunter is a babbler—an inspired babbler—sentimental and toughminded, folksy and hardheaded, humorous and bantering and cornball and dead serious.

She is one of those fine spirits who notices "how few clothes an old man needs" and that at funerals attendance swells in proportion to the quality of food. And that in order to see a sunrise "you have to have quiet." And that the Mormon taboo against coffee is got around by concealing the devil's brew in Postum cannisters.

Irascible as Sister Hunter can be, she is no iconoclast. She didn't storm out of Church; she slid quietly out of her ward (the Mormon diocese) into a new marriage (with a non-Mormon) and a new state (Wyoming) and into the work she was cut out for—writing. She had simply grown a bit weary of it all: of the Church's notorious ethos and theology of "male superiority"; its racial exclusivity (blacks can't enter the priesthood); the heavy strain its doctrines and dogmas place upon the will to believe; its patriarchal authoritarianism and provincialism and (as it seems) its strenuous striving for mediocrity; its evident affinity for the farthest right wing; the multitudes of hypocritical "little commandment keepers." She learned the Church didn't want "creative artists, writers or philosophers"; it wanted "church-goers, tithepayers, babygetters, and time-givers." She'd had enough of the absolute injunction to "BELIEVE AND OBEY!" And she tells it all in an amiably garrulous, demotic "plain style," raising kaffeklatsch chatter to the level of folk art.

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A Political Education
by Harry McPherson

(Atlantic/Little, Brown; $10.95)

Harry McPherson arrived in Washington in 1956, a young Texas liberal joining the staff of the then Senate majority leader Lyndon Johnson. His "political education" began there, continued with Mansfield, took him through brief stops at the Pentagon and the State Department, and finally landed him in the White House, a Special Counsel to President Johnson. His tale is told in clean prose, yet his thinking seems to have been molded by the Senate (or perhaps it was just the '50s), where process obscures content. On race, on poverty, on the war there is never a hint that fundamental reexamination of assumptions and reorganization of the economic structure of society might be necessary.

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He is, however, self-critical at the end, noting that "our political leaders, like the rest of us, dealt with new phenomena on the basis of prevailing assumptions. Usually the assumptions were changed only by bitter experience, not by analysis and foresight." His story is the ultimate testimony to that, and thus unwitting fuel for the currently fashionable scorn of liberals.

Reconsideration

Alfred North Whitehead

Outside a small band of devotees Whitehead tends to be remembered by professional philosophers, if at all, as Russell's collaborator in *Principia Mathematica*. Russell's reputation too is quickly fading; some of his work in logic and the theory of descriptions is permanently incorporated into the body of received truth, but his later writings are hardly original enough to withstand the onslaught of time and a new generation. It is the common fate of all but a very few philosophers to pass quickly into oblivion, and a good thing. There are always plenty of people to think new thoughts, and, other things being equal, today's thought is likely to be as good as yesterday's, on occasions even better.

Adventures of Ideas
by Alfred North Whitehead
Originally published in 1933
by Macmillan
Now available from the Free Press, $1.95 (Address: 866 Third Ave., New York 10022)

It is nevertheless disquieting to realize how few thoughts better than, say, Plato's or Spinoza's we have managed to think. The adventure of ideas that Whitehead saw as constituting the history of the human race has not made much headway since 1933, and in the light of events it seems an open question whether the headway he thought it had made since the Greeks represented territory acquired or just a rather complicated skirmish. There is still a lot of skirmishing going on – McLuhan, Monod, and the rest – and we certainly *know* a lot more than our predecessors, but I cannot detect any general tendency to think about what we know more intelligently than they did. So that one of the underlying assumptions of Whitehead's book – namely that mankind is undergoing a "slow drift towards civilization" – seems with the hindsight of the last 40 years to be unduly optimistic.

Still it may be too early to judge. One of the lessons Whitehead tried to drive home was the lack of imagination that we habitually bring to bear on our considerations of the nature and passage of time. We have middle-range preoccupations, on the order of hours or days or years. The cultural history of the race stretches back for some millenia, so we think of ourselves as latecomers on the scene. But cosmologically speaking 40 years, or 2500 years, is a trivial span. ("The Victorian epoch," says Whitehead, ". . . was merely temporary, and so is the planet itself.") At the same time we think of our awareness of time in terms of minutes or hours, whereas Whitehead recommends that "in considering our direct observation of past, or of future, we should confine ourselves to time-spans of the order of magnitude of a second, or even of fractions of a second." This is an excellent example of the sort of flexing of the imagination that Whitehead encourages, and it is one of the reasons why his work deserves a fresh appraisal. For, unlike Russell's, his later writings are nothing if not original – far too much so for most critical philosophical tastes – and the comparative neglect they have suffered, while understandable enough just because of this radical originality, may have deprived us of ideas that could help the slow drift along.

Adventures of Ideas is one of three books that together set out Whitehead's mature philosophical views. The others

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are *Science and the Modern World* and *Process and Reality*—respectively dealing with the wrong turn philosophy took under the influence of the 17th- and 18th-century science, and the right way it ought to take. *Process and Reality* contains an extremely intricate metaphysical doctrine, which is resumed in a more approachable form in Part III of *Adventures of Ideas;* Part II, similarly, goes over a good deal of ground in *Science and the Modern World.* So in this book Whitehead epitomizes his philosophy, puts it in historical perspective, defends it against critics and offers an apologia and a lyrical conclusion. The whole is impressive; it repays close and repeated reading. Whitehead's style is condensed, almost brusque, with an air of settled finality about it. He does not offer conjectures, he enunciates conclusions, often without much argument. His is the antithesis, at least on the first two counts, of the kind of philosophy he characterizes as "delightful to read, easy to understand, and entirely fallacious." But what persists after a new immersion in it, at any rate in my own case, is a series of second-order questions—about the title, the date, the odd mixture of uncannily accurate and wildly inaccurate perceptions the book exhibits.

First, the title. In philosophy it sounds all wrong, more reminiscent of Douglas Fairbanks than Immanuel Kant. But for Whitehead "adventure" means just what its etymology suggests, namely a setting forth: the setting forth of mankind on its ascent to civilization (and it is still setting forth, is always setting forth—one of Whitehead's virtues is his complete lack of the sentiment of ending, of the Last Days, that Western thinkers, especially Christians, have always succumbed to so readily, his enormous sense of the openness and potentiality of the future), and the setting forth of the philosopher in his search for explanation and understanding. In both cases it is fatal to assume that one has arrived—the setting forth and not the journey, let alone the arrival, matters. To assume, as Western man did for a long time, that Greece and Rome had set standards for civilization, led in the end to imitative stagnation. "The most un-Greek thing that we can do is to copy the Greeks. For emphatically they were not copyists." Not only classical but also more recent models are suspect, however; today's adventure is necessarily the rejection of yesterday's stability, and while this may mean a lot of social turmoil, that is better than social ossification. Whitehead therefore takes a tolerant view of radical activity, only remarking that one of the touchstones of the advancement of civilization is the replacement of force by persuasion. The thrust of adventure may even come from unwelcome quarters. Thus the Barbarians were a historical necessity if civilization was to move beyond Rome—they provided the drive that Christianity channeled.

The analogous elements to the Barbarians and Christians in the modern age Whitehead identifies as Steam and Democracy, Steam standing for the comparatively unintelligent and violent aspect of the force of history, Democracy for the rational control men are under favorable circumstances able to exert on it. The difference between the two cases he sums up by saying, "The Fall of the Roman Empire occurred in a prolonged age of despair: Steam and Democracy belong to an age of hope." And that brings me to the book's date.

Adventures of Ideas was published in 1933, the year Hitler assumed the Chancellorship of the Third Reich, and while from Harvard—to which Whitehead had gone late in life after a long career as a mathematician at Cambridge and in London—things may still have looked optimistic (there, after all, was the Harvard Business School, where Whitehead gave his chapter on Foresight as a lecture, complete with a sketch of the Business Mind of the future), in Europe a quite different feeling was beginning to descend on the population. Since then hope has not been often heard from, and people have become shy of invoking it.

But even now too much gloom may be premature, at least if we are to think as Whitehead did. Short of Armageddon, which we keep avoiding by the skin of our teeth, the planet—temporary as it may be—will presumably still be here, with men on it, in several thousand, not to say million, years' time; evolution is not that rapid, and such monkeying with it or genetics as we may be able to do will have only a fractional effect on the race. So it is one of our tasks to look beyond the next election, beyond 1976, beyond the Year 2000, not in a melodramatic and "futuristic" way but with the hope that arises from the possibility of reason. Marx tried it, but got caught in the immediacies of politics. Whitehead was an apolitical professor, and at a time when commitment and relevance are still considered cardinal virtues it may be well to remember how necessary apolitical professors are. They may be dull (Whitehead says, of the emergence of the Alexandrian schools, "Undoubtedly the world then lost picturesqueness. For prophets were superseded by professors"), but they can do what no politician can afford to do, namely consider the scope and force of events and ideas independently of contemporary or local conditions. Politics cannot by its very nature view the world under the aspect of eternity. But philosophy is obliged to make the attempt.

It is not an attempt that, these days, too many philosophers take seriously. There are many small corners of the academic and intellectual worlds in which they can busy themselves honorably, and a global mission for philosophy smacks of megalomania. It is a commonplace that philosophical reflection is supposed to lift us above our circumstances, but this tends to be interpreted as a matter more of private beatitude than of public wisdom, and besides it isn't something one vaunts. Russell, in a somewhat embarrassing moment as a comparatively young man, said of philosophy that through it "the mind is rendered great, and capable of that union with the Universe that constitutes its highest good," or words to that effect, but while these words are undeniably inspiring they are also undeniably vague. Whitehead, however, has no doubt of the world-historical im-

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portance of philosophy, conceived not as a partisan struggle between systems but as a perpetual examination of "fundamental notions concerning the nature of reality." "Systems, scientific and philosophic, come and go," he says. "Each method of limited understanding is at length exhausted. In its prime each system is a triumphant success; in its decay it is an obstructive nuisance. The transitions to new fruitfulness of understanding are achieved by recurrence to the utmost depths of intuition for the refreshment of imagination. In the end—though there is no end—what is being achieved is width of view, issuing in greater opportunities. But opportunity leads upwards or downwards. In unthinking nature 'natural selection' is a synonym for 'waste.' Philosophy should now perform its final service. It should seek the insight, dim though it be, to escape the wide wreckage of a race of beings sensitive to values beyond those of mere animal enjoyment."

It is hardly necessary to point out that for Whitehead this race meant all mankind, and not some privileged part of it, and that by "escaping the wreckage" he meant not fleeing it or getting out of its way but preventing it. What this passage makes clear is that he did see the wreckage as a threat. Perhaps Harvard was not quite so cut off from the world after all. And there are other indications that he was keeping up with the times, if not ahead of them, in social as well as philosophical matters. Twenty years before Joseph McCarthy, Whitehead compares the treatment of communists in America to that of Christians in the Roman Empire. Almost 40 years before the idea was made popular he grasped the significance of the acceleration of social change. "Our sociological theories, our political philosophy, our practical maxims of business, our political economy, and our doctrines of education are derived from an unbroken tradition of great thinkers and of practical examples, from the age of Plato in the fifth century before Christ to the end of the last century. The whole of this tradition is warped by the vicious assumption that each generation will substantially live amid the conditions governing the lives of its fathers and will transmit those conditions to mould with equal force the lives of its children. We are living in the first period of human history for which this assumption is false." On the philosophical side Whitehead arrived independently at something very like Heidegger's doctrine of *Sorge*, or care, although he characteristically chooses a religious analogy and cites the Quaker doctrine of concern; he anticipates the understanding of the body, rather than the senses, as the source of experience, which was later to be a major element in the work of Sartre and of Merleau-Ponty; he outlines a theory of experience and nature in terms of structure. From the point of view of the recent history of philosophy it is a pity that a thinker of such stature should have chosen to couch his own views in a new and comparatively inaccessible terminology, for in spite of his eloquent defense of the need for this, the fact remains that if a man departs too glaringly from the language of his professional colleagues, they will not read him even if every page bears the stamp of truth.

Not all of Whitehead's insights are so accurate, however. He tends to discount the importance of the size of the population of the earth, he praises for their heroism missionaries whom we now know to have been engaged in the wholesale destruction of indigenous cultures, he chooses irrigation as an example of rational control although it is now clear that its long-range effect was to produce deserts. Nevertheless his book is in the best sense of the term a repository of wisdom, another somewhat *démodé* expression which Whitehead defines as a certain "mode of coalescence of instinct with intelligence." The point is not to leave out the instinctual side—the side of the body, of force, of the Barbarians and Steam—because a philosophy that ignores this will become academic in the worst sense of the term. The goal is civilization, a condition of society "exhibiting the five qualities of Truth, Beauty, Adventure, Art, Peace."

I have not attempted to discuss the details of the philosophical arguments in this book; Whitehead fought a running battle throughout his later career with what he saw as a sort of idiot positivism spawned by modern science, and his own scientific training and experience gave him weapons in this battle which his opponents often failed to understand. And philosophical battles have this peculiarity, that you have to understand what knocks you down, otherwise it doesn't. This accounts for the fact that the apparent victor, the thinker whose ideas and reputation survive, may be someone who would have lost if he had known more. Whitehead did not succeed in curing modern philosophy of its errors. But his work forms part of its history, a part more easily approached, at least in this book, than most of what the profession has been doing in the last 40 years. If the book ends, as it does, with the professionally dubious concepts of Peace and Love, that counts as another remarkable anticipation of the interests of a future generation.

What is timeless and important in Whitehead is, as I said at the beginning, his attitude to time, his insistence on the possibility of hope. This has nothing to do with the momentary disturbances that moving into a new age may provoke; it is not a hope for the continuance of the old regime ("a general idea is always a danger to the existing order"), but a stance taken towards the future, a conception of the potentialities latent in human reason. Philosophy must, therefore, understand the past, criticize the present, project the future. Criticism of the present, if honestly pursued, may indeed lead to revolutionary discontent, and we have plenty of that; the leaven that it needs is something Whitehead can perhaps contribute. As he says of the Hebrews and the Greeks, those poles of our own ancestry, "The value of their discontent lies in the hope which never deserted their glimpses of perfection."

Peter Caws

Kauffmann, *from page 24*

a successor to Victor Mature, boasts at the beginning that he doesn't believe in insurance because he is proof against risk, so we know he's in for trouble. Jon Voight trembles at the beginning when he tries to shoot a deer with bow-and-arrow, so we know he's going to have to kill with that bow later.

No performance deserves comment. Voight's talent is wasted in a nondescript role. Next time I hope he has something better to do than rock-climbing.

The director, John Boorman, is an Englishman who began his career impressively with *Having a Wild Weekend* (1965). Since then, although some have rhapsodized about *Point Blank*, I think his career has declined steadily. *Deliverance* seems to me even worse than *Leo the Last*. There is fundamentally no view of the material, just a lot of pain-

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ful grasping and groping. The glory-of-nature shots are trite, the drama is clumsy, and the editing clanks. It's difficult for a film that is not very tightly knit to unravel, but this one does.

And keeps on unraveling. Long after the picture is over, it continues, having shifted to a sort of police thriller. Dickey himself plays a sheriff. He's big, and he leans into cars very well.

Portnoy's Complaint (Warner Bros.). When I read that this novel had been sold to pictures, I felt happy for Philip Roth and sorry for myself. I was glad he was getting a lot of money, but I knew the picture couldn't be much and I would have to see it. I did, and it isn't.

The first installment of *Portnoy* that I read, in *Partisan Review*, made me laugh more than any American fiction I had read since Randall Jarrell's (utterly different) *Pictures from an Institution*. Subsequent sections made me laugh less and less, because the same territory was being criss-crossed again and again, and the ending seemed labored—an attempt at narrative and psychic conclusion that was strained and a self-proclaimed final Punch Line that swung and missed.

The ending of the film is infinitely inferior, banally sentimental. That ending is typical of Ernest Lehman's ridiculous adaptation, which is not worth analyzing in detail. It's sufficient to note two points. Lehman, who also directed, misses the book's quintessential mad, obsessional quality, and he has turned his back on the texture of the prose. For Roth's frenzied, hard, bitter yammering, the *Schrei* of a borscht-circuit stand-up comic gone wild and orphic, Lehman gives us yummy color photography, soft dissolves, and a score by Michel Legrand that out-sugars Mantovani.

Richard Benjamin, as Portnoy, repeats his too-familiar wise-guy act, with new dialogue. Karen Black, as the Monkey, extends the performance she gave in *Five Easy Pieces*, to little added effect. Lee Grant and Jack Somack, as the elder Portnoys, spin off conventional Jewish-parent business.

When *Goodbye Columbus* came out three years ago, with Benjamin as that earlier (and more interesting) Roth hero, I noted that the film revelled in its freedom to satirize Jews and Jewishness. "At last," it seemed to say, "Jews are safe enough to be pilloried in films." More of the same here; but now the subject of anti-semitism has been raised about *Portnoy*. Are Jews now less safe? I hope not. I hope it's only that, like this nominal Jew, they are just bored.

Personals

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